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**JOHN DE LANCASTER.**



**VOLUME I.**

1875-1876



JOHN DE LANCASTER.

A NOVEL.

BY

*RICHARD CUMBERLAND, ESQ.*

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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VOL. I.

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# JOHN DE LANCASTER.

## CHAPTER I.

*The Reader is made acquainted with the Family of De Lancaster.*

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ON the first of March 1751, Robert De Lancaster, a native of North Wales, and grandfather of my hero, had assembled his friends and neighbours to celebrate, according to custom, the anniversary of their tutelary saint.

I enter at once upon my story without any introduction, having already announced this novel in my Memoirs, and I flatter myself, if it is perused with that candour, to which fair dealing has

some claim, it will serve to entertain the major part of its readers, disappoint not many and corrupt not one.

Robert de Lancaster was a gentleman of great respectability, and Kray-castle, the venerable seat of his family through many generations, lost nothing of its long-established fame for hospitality on this occasion: the gentry were feasted, and the poor were not forgotten.

The family of this worthy antient Briton consisted of an only son Philip, married to an heiress of the house of Morgan, and a maiden daughter, named Cecilia. He was himself a widower. Mrs. Philip De Lancaster was at this time in that state, which gave speedy hopes of an heir to the very ancient family, into which she had married: in the festivities of the day she had taken little share, and in the superintendence

of her father-in-law's household absolutely none: that province she had found in much more able hands, and never sought to interfere with the administration of it: in short she had no ambition for authority, and very great objection to any thing, that might require exertion, or occasion trouble.

Cecilia De Lancaster from the death of her mother, through a period of more than ten years, had patiently and without repining suffered her youth to pass away, amply repayed by the love and approbation of her father, whilst she devoted herself to all those duties, which had devolved upon her, when Kray Castle lost its mistress. Her brother Philip had quite as little disposition to trouble as his lady, so that all things were under the unenvied government of Cecilia; and every guest, that resorted to the

house, every domestic, that belonged to it, bore witness to the excellence of her administration.

A character like hers, though located amidst the recesses of Merionethshire, could not be totally divested of attraction; for she had high pretensions on the score of fortune, and a pedigree, that only stopped where the world began: these might have been enough to satisfy any reasonable man, though some perhaps would have rated them the higher for the loveliness of her person, the excellence of her understanding and the virtues of her mind.

Amongst the many suitors, who in various periods of her celibacy had been induced to propose themselves to her, none had been so persevering in his addresses as Sir Owen ap Owen, baronet, a gentleman by no means of yesterday,



and possessed of a very fair and ample landed property, upon which there were no other encumbrances save only the barren rocks and unproductive mountains, over which it stretched. He was indeed not very eminent as a scholar; for although Sir Owen had without doubt been taught to read, he had almost entirely discontinued the practice of it: and indeed, considering the nature of Sir Owen's more immediate pursuits, reading might very well be dispensed with, as it could only tend to interrupt his evening nap, and not improve him in the art of hallooing to his hounds, or pushing round the tankard to a tawdry toast: he however administered justice to his neighbours, and settled differences in a summary way after a fashion of his own, by reference not to any books of law, but to the beer barrels in his cellar;

by which his decisions as a magistrate became extremely popular, and men quarrelled first, that they might get drunk afterwards, and patch up the peace in their cups, which they had broken when they were sober. By these means Sir Owen got a good name in the county, and supported a considerable interest, which he never failed to employ, as his fathers had done before him, in opposing and railing at the minister of the day, whoever that obnoxious animal might chance to be.

This distinguished personage was now in the fifth year of his suitorship, and verging towards the fiftieth of his age, whilst the inexorable Cecilia had already endured a siege half as long as that of Troy, without betraying any symptoms, that might indicate a surrender. In fact Sir Owen seemed now to content

himself with a yearly summons, like the Moors before Ceuta, as a compliment to his perseverance, and to keep up appearances and pretensions.

It was now Saint David's day, when he never failed to be a visitor to the castle, and he had brushed out the lining of his coach, and put himself in his best array, to do honour to the festival, at which he knew Cecilia would preside. His person was not eminently graceful, for he was a round, red-faced gentleman, neither tall of stature, nor light of limb; but his apparel bore the faded marks of ancient splendor, and his huntsman had bestowed uncommon pains in frizzing out a huge white perriwig, which he had powdered with no sparing hand. Sir Owen was at no time apt to be an idle looker-on whilst the bottle was in circulation, and on the

present occasion he had charged himself more than usually high to encounter an opposition, which he had reason to expect would be more than usually stubborn ; for though due consideration had been paid to his rank, and he had been placed at table close beside the lady, who presided at it, fortune had not favoured him with any striking opportunities for displaying his address, or advancing himself in her good graces. On the contrary he had been rather unlucky in his assiduities, and in his eagerness to dispute the ladle had upset the soup, with sundry other little misadventures, incidental to an awkward operator and an unsteady hand.

It is perfectly well understood, that the worthy baronet had pledged himself to his privy counsellor the huntsman for vigorous measures ; confessing to him,

whilst assisting at his toilette, with the candour natural to his character, that he was ashamed of hanging so long upon a cold scent, and protesting, with a due degree of spirit, that he would that very day either bring the trail to an entapis, or give up the chace, and draw off; for which manly resolution he had all proper credit given him by the partaker of his secrets, and the companion of his sports.

When the gentlemen had sate a reasonable time after the ladies had retired, it was the custom of the house to adjourn to the drawing room, where Cecilia administered the ceremonials of the tea-table. It was here Sir Owen meditated to plant himself once more by her side, and bring his fortune to a crisis; trusting that wine, which had fortified him with courage, would not fail to in-

spire him with eloquence. High in hope, and eager to acquit himself of his promise to his confidante at home, upon entering the room he pushed his course directly for the tea-table, where the cluster of candles and the dazzling gleams reflected from the polished apparatus, there displayed in glittering splendor, so confounded his optics, that without discovering the person of Mrs. Philip De Lancaster, or computing distances so as to bring up in time, he came foul of the tea-table, and discharged a part of the wreck with a horrible crash into the lap of the aforesaid lady, whilst his head came to the floor amidst the fragments of broken cups and saucers with an impunity, which no common head would probably have had to boast of in the like circumstance. Dreadful was the consternation of the



company, most alarmingly critical were the screams and convulsive throes of the unfortunate lady, whose lap was ill prepared to receive any such accession to the burden, which it was already doomed to carry. The consequences in short were so immediate, and their symptoms so decisive, that had not Mr. Llewellyn been in attendance, and happily not quite so tipsy as to be incapacitated from affording his assistance, the world might have lost the pleasure of reading these adventures, and I the fame of recording them.

A couch being provided, and the lady laid at her length upon it, she was carried up to her chamber, whilst the castle echoed with her piercing screams.

It would be treating this serious misadventure much too lightly, were I only to remark that the love-scene in projectu

was of necessity adjourned by Cecilia's leaving the company, and attending upon her sister-in-law, whom a whole bevy of females under the conduct of the sage Llewellyn followed up the stairs. We may well suppose, where one so able was present to direct, and so many were assembled, ready either to obey, or sagaciously to look on and edify, that every thing needful for a lady in her critical situation was provided and administered. Every visitor, whose recollection served to remind him that after such a discomfiture the speediest retreat was the best compliment he could pay to the master of the house, called for their horses and their carriages to the great disappointment of their servants, who had not yet paid all the honours to Saint David, that were by customary right Saint David's due.

Sir Owen ap Owen, who had already taken some little time to recover his legs, found himself still at a loss to recall his recollection. At length, after contemplating the chaos he had created—By the Lord, friend De Lancaster, he exclaimed, I have made a terrible wreck of your crockery ; but you should warn your housemaids not to dry rub your floors, for they are as slippery as glass, and let a man tread ever so carefully, a false step may throw him off his balance, and then who can answer for the mischief he may do ? I heard a terrible screaming, but I hope, my good neighbour, nobody is hurt, and if your fair daughter, the divine Cecilia, (so I always call her) is inconsolable about her china, and if London can't repair the loss, the East Indies shall, though I go all the way to fetch it home for her

myself; for though I know well enough I have had a glass too much, and am but as you may call me a kind of bear in a ball-room, yet I know what a gentleman ought to do, when he has done mischief; and on the word of a true ancient Briton you may believe me, that if I had undesignedly set fire to your house, I am no such Hanoverian rat as to run away by the light of it: that is not my principle.

Your principle, my good friend, replied De Lancaster, nobody doubts, and if your accident shall be productive of no other mischief than what has happened to Cecilia's tea-cups, Cecilia thinks no more of them than I do. The screams you heard did not proceed from her—

No, no, cried Sir Owen, her sweet pipe never uttered such a shrill veiw-

hollah ; so if she is safe from hurt and harm, all is well. 'Twas an accident, as you say, and there's an end of it.

A servant now announced to the baronet, that his coach was at the door. De Lancaster entered into no farther explanations, and his awkward guest surrendered himself to the guidance of a coachman luckily not quite so tipsey as his master.

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## CHAPTER II.

### *Conversation in a Library.*

WHEN the wheels of Sir Owen's coach had ceased from rattling over the flinty pavement of the castle court, Robert De Lancaster glanced his eyes round the room, and in a corner of it discovered his son Philip, unnoticed of him be-

fore. Neither the cataract and confusion, that had ensued upon Sir Owen's tumble, nor the screams of a lady, in whose safety he might be presumed to have some interest, had provoked this disciple of Harpocrates to violate his taciturnity, or to stir from his seat. At the same instant Colonel Wilson, a friend of the family, entered, and brought tidings from the runners in the service of Mr. Llewellyn, that things above stairs were going on as well as could be expected.

Then with your leave, Colonel, said the lord of the castle, we will adjourn to my library, and there await the event. Upon the word Philip started from his corner, ran to the door and held it open for his father. A silent bow was interchanged at passing; the library was near at hand : the chairs were set ready, the



candles lighted and the three gentlemen arranged themselves round the fire in their customary seats.

I think, said De Lancaster, addressing himself to the colonel, amongst all the extravagancies I have been betrayed into, there is none that sits so light upon my conscience, as the passion I have had for collecting books.

They certainly are a source of pleasure, said the colonel, to the readers of them.

They cause great trouble to the writers, Philip answered in an under voice, as if talking to himself.

Colonel Wilson was a disabled officer, having lost a leg in the service, and had now retired upon a sinecure government of twenty shillings per day to a small patrimonial estate in the near neighbourhood of Kray Castle: he was a few

years younger than Robert De Lancaster, who had now kept his sixtieth birthday. Wilson had two sons; the elder was in the army, and the younger at the head of Westminster school: he was a man of strict probity, good understanding and an excellent heart. These were qualities, which De Lancaster knew how to appreciate as well as any man, and though his studies and pursuits had been widely different from those of the Colonel, yet he courted his company, and lived in perfect harmony with him as his friend and neighbour. Wilson on his part was not blind to the eccentricities of De Lancaster, but as they never disagreed except upon points, that did not interest the passions, their disputes were carried on without any mixture of acrimony, and only served to keep the conversation amicably alive.

Wilson had lived in the world ; De Lancaster in study and retirement : the latter would sometimes contend against assumptions, which to the former appeared to be little less than self-evident ; in the mean time De Lancaster would oftentimes undertake to demonstrate paradoxes, that to Wilson's unsophisticated understanding seemed perfectly inexplicable : these he was in the habit neither to admit, nor pertinaciously to contest : if he had done the first, there would have been a speedy end to the discussion ; if he had pursued the latter course, there would have been no end at all, for De Lancaster was not often in the humour to recede from his positions.

Philip De Lancaster on the contrary believed all things, and examined none : he was a man of great faith and few words ; by no means wanting in curio-

sity, but extremely averse from enquiry and trouble. Being an only son and heir to the wealthy house of De Lancaster, it was thought adviseable by the fathers on each side, who were the contracting parties, that he should take to wife Matilda, only child of old Morgan of Glen-Morgan, and presumptive heiress to his fortune and estate. Philip, who had shewn no ardour as a lover, was by no means remarkably uxorious as a husband ; and Matilda did not molest him with her fondness or attentions : They lived in the same house as appurtenances to the family at Kray Castle, (for such from time immemorial had been the custom of the De Lancasters) and they lived without quarrelling ; for they were very little together ; their passions were never roused by contradiction, or enflamed by jealousy ; the

husband had no attachments, and the wife, who was said to have been thwarted in her first love, laid herself out for no future admirers.

These few preliminary remarks may probably account for the placidity, with which Philip now sate down in the library between his father and the colonel to wait the issue of an event, in which if he did not manifest a very lively interest, the reason very probably was, because he did not feel it.

Philip, (if his sage remark is in the recollection of the reader) had risked a truism, when he modestly suggested that it was a troublesome task to write a book. Philip did not speak this from his own experience; therefore it is, that I call his truism a risque, for it was not always that his father gave his passport to assertions of that character; but the

learned gentleman's thoughts were just then employed not upon the trouble, that we take when we bring our works into the world, but the trouble, which we give, when we ourselves are brought into it, and upon this topic he began to descant, as follows.

The unlucky accident, by which my blundering neighbour has precipitated Mrs. De Lancaster into labour-pains, must in all probability tend to aggravate and enhance those sorrows, in which by the condition of her sex she is destined to bring forth; and indeed, independent of that accident, I should not wonder if the pains she suffers, and the screams she utters, were more than ordinarily acute and piercing, planted as she now is, by adoption into my family, in the very stream and current from the fountain head of the primæval curse—

Whereabouts are we now, said the colonel within himself?

—Nevertheless, under the pressure of these apprehensions, I console myself with the reflection, that if the general observation, that what we produce with difficulty we are thereby influenced to preserve with diligence, be true in all other cases, it will be also true in that of child-bearing. If so, we may expect that the *storgee*, or natural affection of my daughter-in-law towards her infant will be proportionally greater than that of mothers, who shall have had easier times.

I see no grounds for that conclusion, replied the colonel.

Surely, sir, resumed De Lancaster, you must have remarked, that in all our operations, whether mental or manual, we are naturally most attached to those,



on which most pains and labour have been expended. Slight performances and slight opinions may be easily given up, but where great deliberation has been bestowed, we are not soon persuaded to admit that our time has been mispent and our talents misapplied.

Certainly, replied Wilson, there are some points, upon which we ought not to waver in our opinions, but there are many others, which it is not worth our while to be too pertinacious in defending. In my profession we must not quarrel with men for their caprices, so long as they are not mischievously or impiously eccentric. It is not often we can find a mess-room in the same way of thinking, except upon the question of another bottle.

In your profession, my good friend, resumed De Lancaster, (for which I



have all possible respect) the pliability you describe may be perfectly in character, and much to be commended ; for where differences are to be adjusted by arguments, swords should not be admitted into the conference. In my system of life I see no reason why I should be bound to think with the majority ; nay, I confess to you I am very ill inclined to subscribe to popular opinions, unless upon strict investigation.

Are they always worth it ? said the colonel.

I should think not, echoed Philip.

Pardon me, exclaimed De Lancaster ! So many things are assumed without being examined, and so many disbelieved without being disproved, that I am not hasty to assent or dissent in compliment to the multitude ; and on this account perhaps I am considered as

a man affecting singularity: I hope I am not to be found guilty of that idle affectation, only because I would not be a dealer in opinions, which I have not weighed before I deliver them out. Above all things I would not traffic in conjectures, but carefully avoid imposing upon others or myself by confident anticipation, when nothing can be affirmed with certainty in this mortal state of chance and change, that is not grounded on conviction; for instance, in the case of the lady above stairs, whose situation keeps our hopes and fears upon the balance, our presumption is, that Mrs. De Lancaster shall be delivered of a child, either male or female, and in all respects like other children—

I confess, said Wilson, that is my presumption, and I should be most out-

rageously astonished, should it happen otherwise.

I don't think it likely, murmured Philip.

No, no, no, replied De Lancaster; but we need not be reminded how many præternatural and prodigious births have occurred and been recorded in the annals of mankind. Whether the natives of the town of Stroud near Rochester are to this day under the ban of Thomas a Becket I am not informed; but when, in contempt of that holy person, they wantonly cut off the tail of his mule as he rode through their street, you have it from authority that every child thenceforward born to an inhabitant of Stroud was punished by the appendage of an incommodious and enormous tail, exactly corresponding with that, which had

been amputated from the archbishop's mule.

Here a whistle from the colonel struck the auditory nerves of Philip, who, gently laying his hand upon his stump, gravely reminded him that Becket was a saint—

De Lancaster proceeded—What then shall we say of the famous Martin Luther, who being ordained to act so conspicuous a part in opposition to the papal power, came into the world fully equipped for controversy; his mother being delivered of her infant, (wonderful to relate) habited in all points as a theologian, and (which I conceive must have sensibly incommoded her) wearing a square cap on his head, according to academic costuma. This, Colonel Wilson, may perhaps appear to you, as

no doubt it did to the midwife and all present at his birth, as a very extraordinary and præternatural circumstance.

It does indeed appear so, said the colonel. I know you don't invent the fable; I should like to know your authority for it.

My authority, replied De Lancaster, in this case is the same as in that of Becket's mule; Martinus Delrius is my authority for both; and when we find this gravely set forth by a writer of such high dignity and credit, himself a doctor of theology, and public professor of the Holy Scriptures in the university of Salamanca, who is bold enough to question it?

I am not bold enough to believe it, said Wilson.

## CHAPTER III.

*An Accession to the ancient Family of De  
Lancaster.*

WHEN the good man of the house perceived that the Salamanca doctor and his anecdotes only moved the ridicule of his friend Wilson, and even staggered the credulity of his son Philip, he pursued the subject no further, but wearied with the exertions and agitations of the day leaned back in his easy chair, and fell asleep. The parties, that were still awake, seemed mutually disposed to enjoy their meditations in silence, till upon the Castle clock's striking eleven, Philip appositely remarked that it wanted but an hour to twelve—

And then, said Wilson, the first of March will have become the second of March, so that if your boy don't make

haste into the world, saint David's day will be over, and he will not have the privilege of being born with a leek in his bonnet, and Martin Luther will keep the field of wonders to himself.

The story is very extraordinary, said Philip ; but do you think it is true ?

Do I think it is true, replied Wilson, that this gentleman, (pointing to a picture over the chimney) whom I take to be Icarus, came into the world, as the painter has described him, with his wings at full stretch ? If you can give credit to the one, you may believe the other.

I think the safest way is to believe neither, Philip observed ; but the gentleman you point at is not what you suppose : I believe he is some King : It is a family piece, and my father can explain it to you.



That I will do directly, cried the father, who had waked just in time to hear what his son had been saying. The personage you enquire about is not Icarus, but King Bladud of unfortunate memory, and the incident being historically connected with the records of my family, I have had the picture cleaned and repaired, and conspicuously hung, as you see, over the chimney piece of my library. He with the wings is, as I told you, King Bladud: He has miscarried in his experiment, and fallen to the ground from the topmost pinnacle of the Temple of Apollo. The venerable old man in the sacerdotal habit is the priest of Apollo, and the Philosopher in the saffron-coloured mantle is my ancestor, the ingenious contriver of the unlucky pinions. From him it is I date the privilege of attaching wings



to my more ancient bearing of the Harp, as you see it displayed on the banners in the hall, and in sundry other parts of the castle, with the appropriate motto underwritten—*DUM CÆLUM PETO, CANTUM EDO.*

Thank you, my good sir, said the colonel: I am perfectly satisfied. For my own part I am contented to exhibit three cockle-shells on the handles of my spoons, but where I picked them up, and how I came by them, I know no more than the man in the moon, nor care.

At this instant Cecilia entered the room, and, running up to her father, joyfully announced the welcome entrance of our hero on this mortal stage in the character of a lovely boy, adding in the usual phrase that the mother was quite as well as could be expected.

I rejoice to hear it ; I rejoice to hear it, exclaimed the grandfather. But, my dear Cecilia, are you quite certain that it is a boy ?

Dear sir, replied Cecilia, you wont suppose the people about my sister can be deceived as to that.

Why no, said De Lancaster, upon better recollection I presume they cannot.

Cecilia directed a congratulatory look to her brother, and nodding to him, as she left the room, said, I give you joy, Philip, I give you joy with all my heart. Philip received it with many thanks, and entertained it with much composure.

Reach me the family bible, son, said De Lancaster, and looked at his watch, observing that it wanted half an hour of midnight. He thereupon entered the day and hour of his grandson's birth

in the recording leaf of the aforesaid holy book ; observing, that he would postpone engrossing the event into his pedigree roll till his attorney could attend for that purpose—I confess, added he, it is more properly the office of my bard David Williams, but as he, poor man, is blind, I shall wink at his excusing himself from that branch of his duty.

I don't see how you can well do less, said the colonel.

He will be christened John, continued the old gentleman, not attending to the colonel's remark : the links in the chain of my genealogy have long been distinguished by the alternate names of John, Robert and Philip, and the brightest of the three has fallen to his turn. The Johns have been the heroes of the family : That was my father's name ; he was.

a gentleman of the most punctilious honour, but he was killed in a duel with a foreign officer, who happened to tread upon the train of my mother's gown in a ball-room. The Philips universally, without the exception of my worthy son here present, have been lovers of their case, and my great-grandfather was very generally distinguished by the style and title of Robert the Philologist : by manuscripts, which are now in my possession, it appears, that he had been at considerable pains and study in writing comments and annotations for a new and splendid edition of the *Incredibilia* of Palæphatus : This he did not live to complete, but he is said more than once to have declared, that he would convince the world, that Palæphatus told many more truths than he himself was aware of.

Perhaps Palæphatus atoned for it, said the colonel, by telling many untruths, that he was aware of ;—but is it not time to go to bed ?

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## CHAPTER IV.

*Our Hero pays his first Visit to his Grandfather. The congratulatory Lay of the Minstrel.*

THE next morning Robert de Lancaster rose with the sun. From the window of his chamber he cast his eyes over that grand and beautiful expanse of country, which the proud and lofty site of his castle overpeered. It was the first sun, that had risen on his new-born hope, and the splendour, which that glorious luminary diffused over the ani-

inating scenery under his survey, was to a mind like his peculiarly auspicious and impressive: his bosom glowed with pious gratitude to the Supreme Dispenser of those blessings—It is too much, all-bounteous Being, he exclaimed, too much for sinful man ! I am not worthy of such goodness.

He summoned his servant, and being informed that the night had passed well with Mrs. De Lancaster, he desired the child might be brought to him : his wish was speedily obeyed. He stood for some time intently gazing on the countenance of his grandchild, and at length pronounced it to be a perfect model of infantine beauty, open and ingenuous, every thing in short that his warmest wishes could have pictured.

I perceive, cried he, and can decypher the hand-writing of nature in the ex-

pressive lineaments of this lovely babe : if God, who gave him life, shall in his mercy give him length of days, he will be an honour to his name and an ornament to his country.

He is a sweet pretty puppet, said the nurse.

Pooh ! cried the prophet, I am not speaking of what he is, I am telling what he will be. I prognosticate that he will be brave, benevolent, and virtuous—

And handsome and tall and well-shaped, re-echoed the loquacious dame ; only look what fine straight limbs he has, pretty fellow !

Take yourself away with him ! cried De Lancaster in displeasure. You have interrupted me with your chatter, and the continuity of those thoughts, which spontaneously presented themselves, is no more to be resumed.



The nurse departed, dancing the child in her arms, and prattling to it in her way, unconscious of the offence she had committed, whilst De Lancaster, pacing up and down his room, in vain attempted to find that place in the book of fate, from which her untimely gabble had caused him to break off—It is lost, said he to himself; I can only discern bright gleams of virtuous happiness, but not unclouded, not without those darkening shadows, that denounce misfortune.—Heaven forbid my father's fate should be this infant's portion with my father's name!

He ceased; sate down, and, whilst the tear hung on his cheek, silently put up an unpremeditated prayer.

It was his custom every morning after he had dressed himself for the day to be attended by his bard David Williams,



and it was now the hour for the old man to present himself with his harp at the door of his patron's chamber : whilst he was in it, all approach was interdicted ; the mind of De Lancaster seemed in a peculiar manner to sympathize with the melody of the harp : he had not only a national predilection for that instrument in common with his countrymen of the principality, but professed an hereditary attachment to it as a true De Lancaster, whose ancestors had worn it on their shields from the days of King Bardus. He had now heard the signal, that announced the morning visit of his minstrel, but a doubt struck him whether he could admit him to perform without hazarding an infringement upon his own order for general silence throughout the castle, as recommended by the sage Llewellyn : whilst pausing upon this di-

lemma it luckily occurred to his recollection, that there was a piano as well as a forte upon his favourite instrument, and furthermore, that the apartment of his daughter-in-law was at the greatest possible distance from his own ; balancing these considerations in his mind, the good man became satisfied upon the point in doubt, so far, that David was allowed to enter, and perform his morning serenade under suitable restrictions.

There was a stool, on which Williams always sate during his performances, and an easy chair, in which the patron reposed himself, and indulged his silent meditations. By signals audibly given, on the arms of the aforesaid chair the blind musician was directed to modulate the character and spirit of his movements, so as to correspond and accord with the movements of the hearer's mind.

It was a communication without language, perfectly well understood by the performer, who no sooner heard the signal for soft music than he began a prelude so exquisitely tender, that the strings only whispered under his fingers, till at length being filled with the inspiration of his muse, he broke forth extemporaneously into the following strains—

“ Shine forth, bright sun, and gild the day,  
“ That greets our new-born hope with light !  
“ Give me to feel thy cheering ray,  
“ Tho’ these dark orbs are wrapt in night.

“ Yet Heav’n in pity hath allow’d  
“ These hands to wake the tuneful string,  
“ The muse her influence hath bestow’d,  
“ And taught her sightless bard to sing.

“ Sound then, my harp, thy softest strain,  
“ Melodious solace of the blind !  
“ Airs, that may heal a mother’s pain,  
“ And sooth a father’s anxious mind !

“ Hush, hush ! for now the infant sleeps—

“ Let no rude string disturb its rest ;

“ And lo ! instinctively it creeps

“ To nestle at its parent breast.

“ Ah luckless me ! these curtain'd eyes

“ Shall never view its lovely face ;

“ I ne'er must see that star arise,

“ The day-spring of an ancient race.

“ Father of life, in mercy take

“ This infant to thy nursing care,

“ And for the virtuous grandsire's sake

“ Oh ! hear the humble minstrel's pray'r !

“ Grant that this babe, as yet the last

“ Of Lancaster's time-honour'd name,

“ When coming ages shall have past,

“ May rank amongst the first in fame !”

Thou hast sung well, David Williams, said the patron, as soon as the harp had ceased, and I command thee to accept, and wear upon thy finger, this antique beryl, upon which is engraved a head of the poet Homer, thy prototype in melody not less than in misfortune. Thy

muse, old man, hath not been unpropitious : go thy way therefore, and cherish thy spirit with the best flask of metheglin, that my cellars afford. I know it is thy favourite Helicon, which at once gives nerves to thy fingers, and nourishment to thy fancy. Get thee hence, blind bard, and be merry !

Old David devoutly drew the ring on his finger, and with a profound obeisance replied—I thank you and I bless you, my munificent patron. I will drink prosperity to the illustrious house of De Lancaster and the new-born heir thereof. It has stood from the time when the old world was deluged, may it stand till the time when the new one shall be dissolved !

With these words David took his leave and departed, whilst De Lancaster, glowing with that pure sensation of re-

finest delight, which music can convey to its admirers, and blest in having now recruited his pedigree with a new descendant from the loins of Noah, sallied forth for the breakfast room, displaying on his stately person a new suit, after an old fashion, of flaming full-trimmed scarlet, ornamented with enormous gold-worked buttons, plentifully dispersed ; a prodigious flowing perriwig of natural hair sable as the raven's plume, with rolled silk stockings and high-topped square-toed shoes, which, resounding upon every step of the oaken stairs as he descended, gave loud and early notice of his approach to the personages assembled to receive him.

Cecilia, Philip and Colonel Wilson in turn presented themselves, and received his cordial embrace, for in his heart nature had implanted all the warm affec-



tions of father and of friend, and in courtesy of manners he was a sample of the chivalric ages; Llewellyn therefore was by no means overlooked; his services were both highly praised, and liberally repaid. Lawyer Davis also attended, being summoned for the purpose of the enrolment. So many were the messages of enquiry from the neighbours round the castle, that almost every servant and retainer belonging to his household made an errand to present themselves and pay homage to their good old master. Had pen, ink and paper been called for, there would have been three domestics to have brought them in: in the mean while it may be presumed that the more than usually profound respect, with which they accompanied their devoirs, was in some degree owing to the awe they were

impressed with by the splendor, in which they saw him now arrayed ; and certain it is, if they needed any pardon for this excess of reverence towards a mortal like themselves, the stately person and commanding countenance of Robert De Lancaster were exactly such, as in their predicament might serve for an apology : his stature was of the tallest, but well-proportioned and erect ; his frame athletic, but without a trace of clumsiness or vulgarity ; his voice, his action, his address were all of that character, which seemed peculiarly adapted to impose respect. Colonel Wilson, who had got secret intimation of this brilliant sortie, which his friend was about to make, had brushed up his epaulets, and turned out in full uniform for the occasion.

Not so Sir Owen ap Owen, baronet, of Penruth Abbey, who, having been



told of the event as he had just turned his hounds into cover, instantly galloped off to Kray Castle ; and being now ushered into the room in his hunting jacket and boots, exhibited a figure, which both in dress and address was as perfect a contrast to that we have been describing, as reality could present, or imagination feign.

Cecilia took an early opportunity of saying she was upon duty and withdrew : the rest of the company fell off one and one, and Sir Owen found himself left with Mr. De Lancaster.

What ensued will be related in the following chapter.

## CHAPTER V.

*An importunate Visitor interrupts the Business of the Morning.*

IT must be obvious to the well-bred reader, that this visit of Sir Owen to the worthy owner of Kray Castle, though not exactly in form, was nevertheless not out of place, considering what had passed in the antecedent day. We may literally say that it was made upon the spur of the occasion, and this we hope will be an apology for our introducing the baronet in boots. Without doubt he was conscious that something more was due from him than a simple enquiry could acquit him of, but the happy turn things had taken, since his head came to the floor and our hero into the world, relieved him in great part from his embarrassment: the politeness of De Lan-

caster put him entirely at his ease, when turning to Sir Owen, he said—I think, my good neighbour, as I am indebted to you on my boy's account for his early introduction into life, there is nothing wanting to complete the favour but that you should take some charge of him, now he is with us, and stand godfather at the christening.

To this the baronet made answer, that he should be ready to obey the call, and was greatly flattered by it, adding with a significant smile, that it was not his fault, if he had not by this time had the honour of standing in a nearer relation to a grandson of Mr. De Lancaster than that of godfather; to which the other as readily replied—Neither was it his fault.

This was so fair an opening, that Sir Owen could not miss it, and *upon this hint he spake*. His speech, though not

remarkable for its eloquence, was extremely easy to be understood: he professed a very sincere esteem and high respect for the amiable Cecilia: he would make a very handsome settlement upon her, and add two horses to complete his set, so that she should command her coach and six; he would new set the family jewels, furnish the best apartments afresh, and build her a conservatory: he would leave off smoking, take to tea in an afternoon, and learn quadrille: he would move the dog-kennel to a greater distance from his house, that the hounds might not wake her in a morning: he would stand candidate for the county at the next election, and as soon as he had taken his seat in parliament, and overturned the present ministry, he did not doubt of being made a lord. He said he was well aware of the

lady's high pretensions on the score of pedigree, but he flattered himself he should have something to say on that head, when he had looked into matters, and refreshed his memory ; this he knew for a fact—that old Robin ap Rees, his minstrel, had records to prove that his ancestors, the Ap Owens, were not drowned in the general deluge, but saved themselves with their goats on the tops of their mountains in Merionethshire ; and this should be made appear to the satisfaction of Cecilia as clear as the sun at noon-day : he added in conclusion, that as a mark of his respect for the name of De Lancaster, his second son should bear it jointly with his own, coupled with another *ap*.

These proposals being submitted, he wished to know if there was any thing more, that could be required of him for

the satisfaction and content of the lady he aspired to. To this Robert De Lancaster gravely answered, that certainly there was nothing wanting to complete his wishes but her consent.

Why that is what I have always intimated to her, cried the baronet, that she had nothing to do but to say yes, and I was ready to strike hands upon the word and clinch the bargain. When a thing can so easily be set to rights, it is rather surprising to me, that she can hesitate about it.

Upon De Lancaster's dropping a hint as to the seriousness of an engagement for life, and that two opinions must coincide upon that measure, Sir Owen very appositely observed, that it was mere loss of time to spin out a business year after year, that could be finished in a single minute.

I grant you, my good friend, said De Lancaster, that Cecilia could do more towards settling this affair in the space of one minute than you and I could do in a twelvemonth, for she is absolutely her own mistress; therefore with your leave we will turn it over to her, and when I have next the honour to see you, I will engage you shall have an answer from her own lips: let me only request you to receive that answer as decisive, be it what it may; and for your own as well as for her repose stir the question no more.

So let it be! replied Sir Owen, and fit it is that so it should be; for, take notice, I am getting on all this while, and she is not standing still in life, so that for the sake of posterity we had best lose no more time about it. If it is to be, the sooner it is done the better;



if it is not, why there must be an end of it; I must turn my horse's head, as they say, another way; and that puts me in mind that I have left the hounds in cover, and, if they find, I shall be quite and clean thrown out.

Nothing in this life more likely, replied old Robert archly, and with this answer, which cut two ways at once, the baronet, who just then thought of nothing but his hounds, bustled out of the room, muttering to himself—Huntsman will wonder what, the plague, has become of me.

## CHAPTER VI.

*Some Men are more fond of telling long Stories than others are of listening to them.*

WHEN this inauspicious conference was over, and the subject matter left, in the diplomatic phrase, *ad referendum*, Robert de Lancaster, who was anxious to dispatch the more interesting business of the day, rang the bell for his servant, and by him was informed that all parties were in readiness to attend him to the audit-room, where, amongst other family treasures, the record of his pedigree was kept in a vaulted casmate so fortified, as to bid defiance both to force and fire.

Accompanied by Cecilia, Philip, Wilson and Lawyer Davis, followed by the nurse carrying the infant, and Williams,

in his bardal habit, led by a venerable domestic out of livery, he proceeded to the spot, and with his own hands liberated the incarcerated roll. It was a splendid record, and when spread out at full length exhibited several figures gaudily emblazoned. Colonel Wilson, who had no great respect at heart, but much gravity of countenance, whilst these ceremonials were in operation, addressing himself to the master of the show, said—It is well, my good friend, that you have stage room enough to display this fine spectacle in perfection without putting any of your ancestors to inconvenience—Then passing along till he came to the upper end of the roll, where Japheth, son of Noah, conspicuously kept his post, and pointing to a figure on the step next below him, he gravely asked who that majestic person—

age might be in kingly robes, wearing a crown on his head, and carrying a sceptre in his hand : Robert De Lancaster as gravely replied, that it was Samothès, the first sovereign monarch of this island, from him called Samothea.—Wilson bowed, and obtruded no more questions.

Whilst the ceremony of enrolment was in process—I record this infant, said the grandfather, by the name of John, although he hath not yet received the sacred rite of baptism, forasmuch as the *pronomina* of John, Robert and Philip have been successively adopted by my family from the very earliest time of the Christian æra to the present—Write him down therefore by the name of John.

This being done in proper form by Lawyer Davis, and date annexed, blind Williams gave a crowning twang upon his harp (for I omitted to premise that

he brought it with him) and in a loud and solemn tone chanted forth—FLO-REAT!—when our hero (unwillingly I record it to his shame) set up such a dismal and most dolorous howl, as startled all the hearers, but most of all his grandfather, who, struck with horror, cried out to the nurse—Take him away, take him instantly away! Why would you let him roar at this unlucky moment?—Bless your honour, said the prating gossip, 'tis a sign of strength—A sign! repeated the sage; how should you know of what it is a sign? Away with him at once! I would it had not happened.

As the cavalcade now marched away in solemn silence, Colonel Wilson, halting on his wooden leg, whispered to Lawyer Davis, who was in the rear—This is ridiculous enough, friend Davis, we must fairly confess; but the harm-

less foibles of good and worthy men should not expose them to our contempt.

Amongst the many oddities (for I am loth to call them absurdities) that marked the character of Robert de Lancaster, his pride of pedigree was one of the most prominent and most open to ridicule. That his friend Colonel Wilson saw it in this light there is no doubt; yet although he was quite intolerant enough towards many of Robert's eccentricities upon speculative points, in this favourite folly he left him undisturbed, perceiving, as we may suppose, that it was a prejudice not to be attacked but at the risque of his friendship. This topic therefore had never come into discussion, and even the history of the picture, lately brought out of obscurity, was, as we have before observed, new to the incurious colonel. He had seen the pedi-

gree unrolled for the first time, but of its contents he knew no more than what his single question about King Samoths had drawn from De Lancaster in the way of explanation.

If Wilson acquiesced in this foible of his friend, none else amongst the numbers, that were in habits of acquaintance with the family, were likely to start any question as to the antiquity of it; they were so cordially welcomed, and so hospitably entertained at Kray Castle, that it would have been hard indeed upon their host, if they could have swallowed nothing at his table but the dinner, that he put upon it. Add to this, that the good old man was a patient listener to other people's anecdotes, though a deliberate narrator of his own. For all those dealers in the marvellous, who are proverbially said to shoot a long



bow, he had a great deal of companionable fellow-feeling, and as he did not hold the commonly received opinions of the world in very high respect, he had boldly put together and amassed a curious and elaborate collection, somewhat after the manner of Coryat, of what he styled his *Confutations of vulgar Errors*. These have come under the inspection of some people since his death, and though it must be owned that they are not to be read without some few grains of allowance, yet there is a sufficiency of novelty to make them entertaining, and good sense enough interspersed to render them in a certain degree respectable.

He there paradoxically asserts, (and I must believe it was his serious opinion, for he was fond of repeating it amongst his intimates) that the human under-

standing had been extremely narrowed and contracted, since the art of printing had been discovered and carried into practice, for that tradition was the mother of memory, and book-reading the murderer. For modern history he had a sovereign contempt ; he said it was a mass of voluntary misrepresentations, and that no man could be trusted to write the annals of his own time ; strenuously contending, that it was from the dark ages only we could strike out light to illuminate mankind. In the early writers of the history of his own country he was profoundly versed, and could adduce a host of authorities to prove that *Dominicus Marius Niger* and *Berosus* were clearly warranted in their affirmations that the island of Great Britain was as well and as fully stocked with inhabitants long before the

days of Noah, as any other country upon the face of the globe.

Upon all these topics Wilson had not much to say : he knew his friend was in the habit of disputing points, which others took for granted, and taking many for granted, which by others were disputed ; he was therefore well contented to let him talk his fill so long as he was only talking for fame, resolved on his own part to take no more for truth than he saw fit ; and, being always able to prove what he himself asserted, what he heard asserted without proof he did not hold himself always bound to believe.

He now perceived the time was come, when it would be no longer in his power to parry the propensity so discoverable in his friend on this occasion to treat him with a discussion on the antiquity of

his family : he was prepared to meet it, nay, he was just now disposed even to invite it by some leading questions respecting the family bards, and the authenticity of the facts by them recorded.

This was every thing that De Lancaster could wish for : it was at once a salvo for his vanity, and a challenge to his veracity. Assuming thereupon a more than ordinary degree of solemnity, he said—It is not to the bards alone that I am indebted for all I know of those, who have borne my name before I was in the world, though much is due to their correct and faithful records of the times they lived in. By my own perseverance in keeping hold of the clue, which, by the help of *Joannes Bodinus*, *Franciscus Tarapha*, *Wolfgangus Lazius*, and other equally illustrious authorities, hath led me to the fountain head of my

genealogy, I have at this moment the consolation to reflect, that when that most incomparable personage Samothés, (first son of Japhet, who was third son of Noah) was monarch, patriarch and legislator of this my native island, I had an ancestor then living in it, who shared the blessings of his government, was also nearly allied to him, and stood so high in his favour and confidence, as to be appointed president and chief teacher of theology in that celebrated college of philosophers called Samothei, which both *Aristotle* and *Secion* affirm to have been established in the days of this good king, and so called in honour of his name: but not this school only, the whole island took its name after this excellent king, and was for a course of years, till the arrival of Albion, called Samothea, as both the learned *Bale* and

*Doctor Caius* concur in affirming—but perhaps to you, Colonel Wilson, these anecdotes may be uninteresting ; and, if so, I will pass them over.

By no means, my good friend, replied the colonel, for be assured that all these family facts, which you have collected, and Moses in his history seems to have overlooked, are to me perfectly new and extremely entertaining.

Sir, resumed the narrator, Samothēs was succeeded by his son Magus, from whom the Persian Magi derive—(Wilson arched his eye-brows, as men are apt to do on certain occasions)—and Sarron succeeded Magus, from whom were derived a sect of philosophers amongst the Celtes, called Sarronides. In the reign of Druids, continued De Lancaster, or, as *Seneca* writes it, Dryus, (which I take to be a corruption) my ancestors trans-



planted themselves, together with the philosophers, named after their sovereign Druids, into the isle of Anglesea, which, as *Humphry Lloyd* truly observes, was their chief place of abode, or, more properly speaking, their pontifical headquarters. Bardus, the son of Druis, succeeded to his father, and in his reign so famous was my then existing ancestor for his performances on the harp, that we have ever since borne that instrument by royal grant of this king as our family coat of arms and crest. Now, let it be observed, added he, that many families have coats of arms and crests, and can't tell how they came by them.

That is true, said the colonel, and one of those am I; but I beg pardon for interrupting you: I pray you to proceed.

After a period of three hundred and ten years, the Celtes being subdued by



Albion the giant, and this island subjected to his dominion, he changed its name of Samothea to that of Albion. This same Albion the giant was, as every body knows, the fourth son of Neptune—

I am proud to hear it, cried the colonel, but I protest to you it is the first I ever heard of him, or any of his family: I can now account for our superiority in naval affairs; and I most heartily hope that the trident, which this son of Neptune inherited from his father, shall never in any time to come be wrested from his posterity of this island.

I hope not, replied De Lancaster; but I proceed with my narrative—Upon the landing of Brute with his Trojans, (which was not above three thousand years ago) I find it asserted by *Master Henry Lyte of Lytescarie*, that this

island was no better than a rude and barren wilderness, *ferarum altrix*, a nursery for wild beasts, as he slightly denominates it; but I must take leave to tell that learned antiquary, that his history, which he proudly styles *The Light of Britain*, might more properly be called *The Libel upon Britain*; for I will neither give credit to his lions, which he presumes to say overran the island, nor implicitly acquiesce in his monstrous white bulls, with shagged manes and hairy foreheads, forasmuch as I find no mention of them in our King Edward the First's letters to Pope Boniface, wherein this very point of the landing of Brute in Albion is very learnedly discussed. As for his lions, I treat that fable with contempt, for, besides that King Edward does not mention them, I will never believe there could

have been one in the whole island, else how came King Madan, the grandson of this very Brute, to be killed and devoured by wolves in a hunting match, when it has been notorious from all time, that the wolf will fly from the hunter, that has anointed himself with lion's tallow? Will any man suppose that the royal sportsman could have failed taking that obvious precaution, had there been but a single ounce of the fat of that animal in the whole kingdom?

Nobody will suppose it, said Wilson, and I am satisfied there were no lions for the reason you assign: I must beg leave to doubt also if there was any authority for his enormous white bulls, provided you are quite sure that King Edward does not hint at them in his correspondence with the Pope: but have we not

lost sight of your ancestors amongst these lions and the bulls?

Not so, replied De Lancaster, for upon the partition, which Brute made of the kingdom between his three sons Locrine, Camber and Albanact, my family is found in the Cambrian district upon the very spot, where Kray Castle now stands; which will warrant me in saying without vanity that few land-holders in the island can boast a longer tenure in their possessions, this being not above sixty-six years after the taking of Troy, and eleven hundred thirty and two years before the Christian æra.

That is quite sufficient, said the colonel: few post-diluvian families can produce a better title.

## CHAPTER VII.

*The Narrative is interrupted by the Arrival of a Letter from old Morgan of Glen Morgan.*

It is not always the greatest misfortune, that can befall the listener to a long story, if the teller shall chance to be called off in the middle of it. This was just now the case with Robert De Lancaster, who had advanced in his narrative but a very few years on this side of the Trojan war, when the arrival of the servant, whom he had dispatched with his letter of congratulation to old Morgan of Glen-Morgan, cut him short in his progress, and it probably required as much philosophy on his part to command his patience, as it did on Wilson's to conceal his pleasure.

However this might be, De Lancaster

upon the receipt of Morgan's answer to his letter, came to an immediate pause in his story, and leaving about three thousand years of his pedigree as yet unaccounted for, read as follows—

“ Dear Sir,

“ Your servant duly delivered your kind letter, informing me, that my daughter Mrs. Philip De Lancaster was safely delivered of a son ; an event, which I hope will afford much consolation to you, and be the happy means of delivering down to future generations a name, which from time immemorial has been highly respectable in these parts.

“ To my name as one of the sponsors at the christening you have an undoubted right, and I am flattered that you enforce it ; but of my personal attendance upon that solemnity there is I fear



but little chance ; for I am a victim to the gout, and though the snow, which now lies on the hills, may disappear before the month is out, I cannot expect my pains will be in the like melting mood : but He, who is the disposer of all things, will dispose even of such a wretched insignificant as I am.

“ Alas ! my good brother-in-law, I am not like you a healthy, gay and social man ; I am gloomy, sullen and uncomfortable ; hypochondriac by nature, and splenetic by vexation and disease : I will not say that I repent that ever I was a father ; that would be wrong ; but I do say, that, being a father, I repent of my unfitness, and am conscious of my errors.

“ One only child, whom we jointly call our daughter, was all that Providence entrusted to me : her mother



died when she was an infant, and I never ventured on a second marriage. I did not seek for teachers to instruct me how to educate my child : I took that task upon myself, and was her only master : I coveted not to accomplish her as a fine lady ; I studied to implant good principles in her heart, and make her an honest, honourable woman. I suspect my discipline was too rigid, for I totally overlooked amusement, and fixed a melancholy upon her spirit, accompanied with so absolute a submission to my dictates, that she seemed to think and act without any will or option of her own.

“ When you tendered to me your alliance, I embraced it with ardour ; for I held your character then, as I do to this day, in the highest honour and respect. Had ambition been my ruling passion, I

could have looked up to nothing in point of family of superior dignity ; had avarice been my vice, how could I have gratified it more than by marrying my daughter to the only son and heir of De Lancaster ? Your son was comely, courteous, unassuming, and though perhaps not prominently marked with any brilliant gleams of genius, yet certainly in moral purity no young man bore a more unblemished character. I recommended the connection to my daughter—warmly, anxiously recommended it—Implicitly, without appeal, in a concern the most material she accorded to my wish, and answered at the altar to the awful question there repeated as compliantly as she did, when I first proposed it to her.

“ Now, sir, when I disclose to you that this too duteous creature had con-

ceived a passion, which under the terror of my authority she had not courage to discover, judge what my sorrow and remorse must be. I have, though unintentionally, made a wreck of her peace, and endangered that of your son. I may have brought into your family a wife without a heart for her husband, and a mother, (which Heaven avert!) without natural affection for her offspring.

“ Thus I have laid the sorrows of my soul before you, and beseech you, that, with the candour and benignity, which are natural to you, you would look upon my child, and without revealing my secret to your son, influence him to be mild with her, in her present situation more especially ; and this I am confident will engage her gratitude, though I dare not promise it will gain her love.

“ I was about to conclude with my love and blessing to the mother and her babe, but upon reading over what in the confusion of my thoughts I have so ill put together, I find I have omitted to tell you, who the young man is, of whom I have been speaking. His name is Jones, a gentleman by birth, but destitute of fortune. He was ensign, and on a recruiting party at Denbigh, where I noticed him for his modest manners and engaging person ; having withal known his father Colonel Jones, and served with him in the same regiment when I was in the army, I invited this youth to make my house his quarters, became very fond of him, and furnished him with means to purchase a lieutenancy. I have nothing to charge him with ; his conduct towards my daughter was honourable in the extreme, and I am in-

formed that it was his punctilious delicacy towards me as his patron, that occasioned him to secede, when she probably would have summoned resolution to have laid the state of her heart before me ; which had she done, if I know myself, I know she would have had her lover, and Jones would have had my estate.

I have the honour to be,

Dear Sir, &c. &c.

JOHN MORGAN."

The perusal of this melancholy letter made a deep impression on the feeling heart of De Lancaster : he pondered on its contents for some time, and began to arrange his thoughts for answering it in a consolatory manner. When he had written a few lines, he laid down his pen, and said within himself—How much better might all this be stated face

to face in person than upon paper ! He is ill, poor man, and unable to come to me ; I am in health, and will go to him ; he cannot fail to take my visit kindly, and the face of a friend is cheering, when the spirits are depressed. I will act towards him, as I, in his circumstances, should wish and expect him to act towards me. It is but about four hours drive, and I can be home the next morning : if the roads are passable, 'twill be a pleasant jaunt, for the weather is now fine, and promises a fair day to-morrow.

Having settled this point to his kind heart's content, the good man rang his bell, and summoned his servant, who had been to Glen-Morgan, to make his report of the roads.

Were they practicable for the coach to pass with safety ? The coach might



pass in perfect safety, for though the snow laid on the mountains, the road was clear, and he saw no danger. The report was satisfactory ; the servant was dismissed, and the coachman summoned : upon enquiry made as to matters within his department, every thing thereunto appertaining, horses and carriage, were ready for the start. Cecilia was now called into council, and the important project was announced to her : It occasioned some surprise to her at first on account of its uncommon spirit and vivacity, but she gave it no opposition, nor even moved the previous question—The kindness of the motive, and care for her dear father's safety, occupied her gentle thoughts :—Were the roads safe, and would he go alone ? The roads were safe, and as he wished to have some private talk with his brother



Morgan upon family affairs, he would go alone, and return to her on the next day.

It was resolved : the grand affair was settled : the solemn fiat was announced ; the note of preparation was sounded through all the lower regions of the castle, and echoed through the range of stables—Our master goes to-morrow to Glen-Morgan, and will stay out a whole night !

When tidings of this extraordinary event were announced to Colonel Wilson, he was in the common parlour, and had sate down to chess with Mr. Philip De Lancaster, who took much content in that narcotic game, of which however he scarce understood a single principle. Going to Glen-Morgan, cried Wilson ! this is news indeed : I am astonished.—I am cheque-mated, said Philip ; I can-

not move a man.—By Heavens ! but I am moved with pleasure and surprise, exclaimed Wilson, to hear that your good father meditates a visit to Glen-Morgan.—It is not above twenty miles, said the other, and the coach is easy ; he may sleep in it all the way.—The devil he may, rejoined Wilson : You might as well expect the coachman to fall asleep.—That is not impossible, said Philip, he is very fat and drowsy. But now I think of it, I'll go and angle for some perch : I shall like to send my father-in-law a few fish of my own catching.

Do so, cried Wilson : you can stand still and catch them.—With these words he stumped out of the room, and turning into the library, where De Lancaster was sitting—I come to congratulate you, said he, as he entered, upon the resolu-

tion you have taken. It will warm the heart of my old friend Morgan to be flattered with a visit from the man in all the world he most esteems and honours.

If it will give him any pleasure, I shall not regret my pains.

It will, be assured, repeated Wilson. I have a letter from him by your messenger full of sighs and groans : I don't much heed them ; for it is his humour to deal in the dolefuls, and set himself off in the worst light he can possibly devise : for instance, he tells me here, that his temper, which was always execrable, is now worse than ever ; and that he is grown so touchy, that even the parson won't trust himself to a hit at backgammon with him. This is about as true as the account he gives of his house-keeping, which I know is liberal to excess, but which he represents as rascally in

the extreme; pretending to say, that through mere covetousness he has made a potatoe garden of his pleasure ground, turned his coach-horses into the straw yard, and lowered the quality of his Welch ale, till his servants are in mutiny, and his parishioners consulting about hanging him in effigy.

Is all this true? De Lancaster asked.

Not any of it, Wilson replied. His poor neighbours are more disposed to worship him in effigy, than to hang him. He may have planted his grounds with potatoes, and turned his idle horses out to fodder, for I dare say this hard winter has made havoc of his stores, as he tells me that he is screwing up his farmers in revenge for their want of mercy to their necessitous neighbours; but as for his covetousness, I give no credit to that; on the contrary I happen to know that

he has just now paid down the purchase money of a company for a young officer in the line, in no degree related to him, or indeed connected with him.

Is Jones the name of that young officer?

It is.

Gallant, glorious old man! How I reverence him for the action! How I honour him for his benignity! I would go to do him service, or to give him pleasure, though I were to walk thither on foot.

I perceive you know something of this Jones.

If you do perceive it, you will not need to be informed of it by me: and now as I also perceive you are in the secret of my visit, I hope you will consent to accompany me to-morrow, and then Cecilia's mind will be at rest.

To put her mind at rest, said Wilson, where would I not go? How willingly then shall I accompany you upon a friendly errand to a worthy man like Morgan!

Agreed! cried De Lancaster, and now I am in good humour with myself for thinking and resolving on this visit.

Let me profit by your good humour then, rejoined the colonel with a smile, and let me hear the remainder of your genealogy; for we have turned our backs upon the Trojan war, and are drawing near to modern history, when, according to your doctrine, truth becomes darkened, and we get into the regions of deception; which I shall not be sorry for, as I confess there is ever more amusement for me in a harmless pleasant fiction, than in a dry uninteresting matter of fact.

What answer De Lancaster gave to this appeal will be found in the following chapter.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

*The Narrative is resumed and concluded. A learned Lecture upon Harmony, by which the unlearned hearer is not greatly edified.*

SINCE you make so polite a tender of your patience, said De Lancaster, to me, who have already put it to so hard a trial, I must resume my narrative from the landing of Brute and his Trojans, when my ancestors established themselves on this very spot, I do not say in this very castle, under Camber, the second son of the aforesaid Brute. Lud-Hurdibras was the grandson of Camber, and King Bladud was the son of Hur-



dibras : he built, as is notorious to all the world, the city of Bath, and was the projector of those salubrious baths, that *William of Malmsbury* would fain ascribe to Julius Cæsar, which I pronounce to be an egregious anachronism, and you may take it *meo periculo*.

I take it at my own peril, said the colonel ; for I have seen Bladud himself with these very eyes standing sentinel over the bath of his own making, and I never met with any body hardy enough to dispute his title to it.

Let it pass then ! He was a benefactor to mankind by the institution of those baths, and might have been more eminently so, had his opinion upon the practicability of men's flying in the air been established upon experiment. I confess there is much plausibility in the project, but I am also aware of some

difficulties attending it, which merit consideration. I do not say it may not be achieved, but I am not prepared to recommend the undertaking to any friend, whose life is of immediate consequence to his family.

It would be a famous lift, said the wooden-legged warrior, to people in my mutilated predicament; and though I am not quite disposed to the experiment myself, any body else, who is so inclined, will have my good wishes.

That was exactly the language, cried De Lancaster, of King Bladud's courtiers, and the learned men of the time. They unanimously declared that many notable discoveries might be struck out in astrology, which was the reigning study of the day, if men would fly up high enough to look after them; but they were not impatient to be amongst

the first to fly upon those discoveries. My ancestor however, who was then about the person of the king, and an enthusiastic admirer of the sublime and beautiful, went a step beyond them all, and actually contrived a very ample and becoming pair of artificial wings, which in the judgment of the very best mechanics then living promised all possible success to the experiment. Upon their exhibition in presence of the sovereign and of a committee specially appointed, so charmed was King Bladud with the skill displayed in their construction, that he was graciously pleased to authorize and empower the inventor himself to make trial of his own pinions, with free leave to fly as far and as high as he saw fit, and to perch at discretion wherever it might suit him, the chimney tops and lattices of the cham-

bers even of the maids of honour not excepted.

Happy man ! cried Wilson ; this was a roving commission of a most tempting sort, and I hope your ancestor had too much gallantry to hesitate about embracing it.

I beg your pardon, replied De Lancaster, my ancestor was not a man of that forward character as to aspire to situations, that ought to be above the ambition of a subject, but when this flattering offer was with all becoming thankfulness most modestly declined, King Bladud himself (as my ancestor no doubt foresaw) had the aforesaid wings fitted to his royal shoulders ; ascended the roof of the temple of Apollo (at that time the loftiest edifice in the city of Troy-nou-vant) and launching himself into the air confidently, as became a prince so saga-

cious and philosophical, committed his sacred person to the protection of Apollo and the artificial supporters, which promised him so delicious an excursion. Whether the fault was in the wings themselves, or in King Bladud's want of dexterity in the management of them, is not for me to determine; but history puts it out of doubt that the attempt was fatal to the adventurous monarch. He fell headlong on the steps of the temple, (as you see in the picture fronting you) and was dashed in pieces in the twentieth year of his reign, and the two hundred and twentieth from the landing of Brute. All the world believed my ancestor a lost man, but Lear, son of Bladud and heir to his kingdom, being a prince of a most noble nature, and sensible to whom he was indebted for his so early elevation to the throne, rewarded the artificer of his

father's pinions by empowering him to affix them to his armorial bearing of the harp, and from that hour to this the harp of the bard between the wings of Bladud has been the proper and distinguishing shield of the De Lancasters, as not only the records of the herald's office, but the head of every spout appertaining to the castle, can testify and evince.

The spouts alone would satisfy me, said the colonel, but the heralds and the spouts together are authorities incontestible ; but since you have named Lear, I should wish to know if he is that very Lear, who, according to the drama of our poet Shakespear, having parted his kingdom between his two ungrateful daughters Gonerill and Regan, ran mad upon the reflection of his own folly for having done it.



For his madness, replied De Lancaster, there is no authority. He bestowed his eldest daughter Gonerill in marriage to Henuinus, Duke of Cornwall, and Regan to Maglanus, Duke of Albania. His youngest daughter Cordelia, who was justly his favourite, married Aganippus, prince of Gallia, and succeeded to the crown at Lear's death, being the first of her sex, who had ever borne the title of queen absolute and governess of Britain. After the decease of Aganippus she fell a victim to the malice of her nephews Cunedagius and Morgan, sons of her unworthy sisters, and being thrown into prison by them, died, after a reign of only five years, by her own hand. The usurpers, who at first agreed to divide the empire, soon rose in arms against each other, and Morgan was slain in Cambria by Cunedagius, where



the place of his death is yet called Glen-Morgan, or Morgan's Land, now in the possession of the friend, to whom we meditate to-morrow's visit.—But I am hastening to release you, and conclude my narrative—The line of Brute, the Trojan, ended in the year 3476 with Ferrex and Porrex, sons of old King Gorbodug, who swayed the sceptre through a period of sixty and two years. During the whole time of the Pentarchy, that took place upon the decease of the abovenamed sons of Gorbodug, my family appear to have kept close in their Cambrian retirement, till the reign of Mulmutius Dunwallo, immediately subsequent to the Pentarchy. It was then that a learned ancestor of mine assisted Mulmutius in compiling that incomparable code of laws, which being turned into Latin from the British language by

Gildus Priscus, was in time long after translated into English by the great King Alfred, and by him incorporated amongst his famous statutes—And now, my good friend, as I have always determined to have nothing to do with modern history, I here wind up my long detail, congratulating myself that those, from whom I trace my blood, had the good sense to keep close in their quarters in Cambria upon the landing of the Romans, never deigning to mix or intermarry either with them or the Picts, who came with Roderic A. D. 73, or with the Saxons, who first entered the land A. D. 390; or with the Danes in the time of Egbert, much less with the Normans in a more recent period, but remained pure and unadulterated from the days of Samothès, the grandson of Noah, to the present moment, in which

I have the honour of thanking you for the attention, you have been pleased to bestow upon a detail, which I fear has been extremely tedious and unentertaining to you throughout.

Assure yourself, my good sir, replied Wilson, that the attention I have bestowed on your narrative has been amply repaid by the entertainment I have received from it. You have given me a history of my native country, which in many parts was perfectly new to me, and if it had had no concern whatever with your genealogy, still it would have been interesting to me, who have never thought, nor had the curiosity to enquire, about the annals of a time so very distant. That you have authorities for what you have narrated I cannot doubt, for I am sure you are incapable of a voluntary fiction, which, if any such there is, must

rest with others, not with you. As for the gratification you may derive from the persuasion, that you can trace your descent from the son of Noah, and by consequence, through Noah, even from Adam himself, grace forbid I should attempt to lessen it, persuaded as I am, that you have too much consideration for Moses to enlist with the Pre-Adamites. At the same time I am free to own, that my respect for you, being founded on the virtues of your character, receives little addition from the circumstances of your pedigree; let me not however be considered as an abettor of plebeian sentiments; I acknowledge a degree of prejudice for a well-born gentleman, and so long as you display the wings of King Bladud only on the shoulders of King Bardus's harp, I look with respect upon your ancient banners;

and henceforward when blind David Williams shall make your castle hall resound with his melodious harp, I shall recollect with pleasure that you have not only a natural delight, but also an hereditary interest, in that noble instrument. I am myself a lover of music ; but it is a love without knowledge, for I neither know the practice, nor ever studied the theory of it. I like this tune, and I can't tell why ; I don't like that, and can assign no reason for it. If music only creates surprise in me by the wonderful execution of a performer, I scarcely wish to hear it above once ; if it moves my passions, and elicits (as it sometimes will) my tears, I could listen to it, as I may say, for ever ; no repetition can exhaust the charm. What this is I cannot define, and for that very reason I suppose it to be nature ; for art

admits of explanation, but there is no logic, that applies to instinct.

This was an unlucky remark, and the colonel stepped a little out of his natural character when he risked it: had he kept clear of definitions, and said nothing about instinct, he might have escaped a lecture on the Harmonics, which now became unavoidable, and he heard himself addressed as follows—

You discern correctly, my good colonel, as to effect, not so as to cause. You say there is no logic, that applies to instinct; I say there is no instinct, that applies to rationality: the brute creation is submitted to it, and directed by it; man must not offer to degrade his virtues, or defend his vices, by a reference to instinct: the plea of impulse will not save the criminal; for there are no propensities, which reason may not conquer.



From what you tell me I perceive that you understand as much of music as ninety-nine in a hundred, who affect to profess it, and more than many, who profess to teach it, forasmuch as you feel it: now as there can be no effect without a cause, depend upon it, there is a reason why you feel exactly in the manner you describe, and in no other, though to investigate that reason, and intelligibly describe it to you, cannot be done without a more intimate knowledge of the constituent properties and powers of music, than falls to many people's lot to attain. To descant upon these at present would take up more time than either of us would perhaps find convenient to devote to it. I will postpone it to a better opportunity, when I flatter myself I shall be able to relate to you so many striking instances of the astonish-



ing powers of harmony, as will set that sacred science in a stronger and a clearer light, than you may be as yet aware of. Believe me, it is one of the sublimest studies, that the human faculties can embrace. The systems, that have come down to us from the Greek and Roman harmonists, as well as all that has been written by the moderns on that subject, are above measure difficult, elaborate and recondite—

Then I shall never understand them, said the colonel, nor desire to have any thing to do with them.

Pardon me ! resumed De Lancaster : If leisure now served, I could give you specimens of the pains I have taken in the way of illustration, not only with the learned treatise of *Vincentio Galilei*, a noble Spaniard, published in the year 1581, but also with the *Satyricon* of

*Martianus Capella*, as edited and illustrated by the celebrated Grotius in his early years. Permit me to say that I could give you the scale, and mark out to you the distinct semitones of *Quarlino*, *Giovanni Bardi*, and *Pierro Strozzi*. This would be demonstration, that could not fail to edify, and at the same time I would adduce such evidence, as should prove to you that my ancestral harp was the very prototype of that, which *Epigonus* of *Ambracia* was said to have played upon with forty strings, when he first taught the Sicyonian minstrels to lay aside the plectrum, and employ their fingers in the place of it: when *Julius Pollux* therefore gives this new-constructed harp the name of *Epigonium* in honour of *Epigonus*, it is a mere trick, after the custom of the Greeks, to arrogate all originality to their countrymen,

and defraud my ancestor of his prior title to give name to his own invention. In like manner I can detect their plagiarism, when they ascribe the invention of the double-headed plectrum to Sappho, whilst I have models still in my possession, that prove it to have been the very identical plectrum in general use, when my ingenious ancestor struck out a better practice. I am therefore very naturally interested to prevent my ancestral harp from being confounded with the seven-stringed lyre, ascribed by Homer to Mercury, of which the testudo formed the sounding-board; much less would I have it mistaken for that delineated by *Hyginus* with crooked arms, and least of all with the suspicious model in the museum of the Medici.

All this, my dear sir, said the colonel, I should be extremely delighted with,

were I capable of understanding it ; but alas ! how should I, who was never accustomed to admire any thing above the crash of a regimental band, comprehend a single word of what you have been saying to me ? That I am capable of preferring one tune before another is all I pretend to, but to assign any reason for that preference is what I do not pretend to.

Yet there is a reason, resumed De Lancaster, and that reason is not inscrutable to all, because not enquired into by you. That *tones* have power over the human feelings will not be disputed ; but tones have different properties, and of course different operations : the one, entire, full and legitimate *tone* contains within itself a variety of divisional parts, by the expression and application of which various passions may

be excited, and various effects produced. The full tone may be resolved into the half-tone, or *hemitonium*; the half-tone into the quarter-tone, or *diesis*; neither does its divisibility stop here, for the diesis may be again resolved, first, into its proper quarter-tone, or *tetartemoria*, which be pleased to observe, is also called *enarmonios*; secondly, into its third of a tone, or *tritemoria*, (which by the way is the true chromatique) and thirdly and lastly, into a tone, which involves a third part of a full tone and half a third, and this is called *hemiolia*—And now, my good friend, having given you some insight into the various combinations and resolutions of musical tones, according to the system of the Greek writers on the harmonics, (which, though briefly stated, cannot fail to be perfectly clear to your comprehension) I

think I may trust you to discover the reason, why certain modulations and assortments of tones are pleasing to you, and others not. These are the elements of all harmony, and as you are now fully possessed of the definition of them, you cannot possibly find any difficulty in the application.

I am under no difficulty at all, cried the colonel, in finding out when I am pleased, and that being the only discovery I have any concern in, I will trouble you no further to explain to me why I am pleased, but take your word for having given me the true reason, and be content.

Here the lecture ended as many lectures do: the expounder was perfectly satisfied with the instruction he had imparted, and the disciple was entirely reconciled to remain in igno-



rance of what he did not wish to understand.

At this moment Cecilia opportunely entered the room, and the recollection of Sir Owen's proposal instantly occurring to her father, he desired to have a little private talk with her, and Wilson on the hint withdrew.

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## CHAPTER IX.

*The last in the Book. The Author presents Cecilia De Lancaster to his Readers, and trusts that he exhibits no unnatural, or ideal, Character.*

CECILIA DE LANCASTER, of whom I am about to speak, was now in her twenty-ninth year, and three years younger than her brother Philip, father of our hero John. I have already said,



that, since her father had been a widower, she had persisted in devoting her attention to him, and to the superintendence of his household.

Convinced that she possessed his entire affection, and sensible that his happiness in a great degree depended upon her, she had hitherto withstood every overture for changing her condition. The harmony, typified in her name, was realized in her nature: it was manifested and expressed in every movement, every feature of her mind, her temper and her person. Time, that had robbed her of the freshness of her bloom, had repaid her by maturing and improving charms more permanent, endowments more attractive. There was a smile, so characteristically her own, that it was hard to conceive it could ever be bestowed without being felt,

and, such was her discernment, that perhaps it was very rarely bestowed where it was not deserved. Her eyes were the genuine interpreters of her heart: when turned upon the poor or afflicted, they melted into compassion; when directed towards her friends, they glistened with affection; when uplifted towards her God, their expression might be called divine. Her voice came upon the ear like music—There is a passage in a letter written by our hero to one of his friends, that describes it in the following terms. “It is, says he, of so sweet a pitch, that, whensoever it is heard, I am struck with wonder how it comes to pass, that others do not tune their voices to it: for my own part I may say, that my first efforts of articulation were instinctively in unison with her tones; and therefore it is, that

I have never entered into argument with loud and boisterous speakers, or elevated my voice to the annoyance of any man's ears, since I have been admitted into society.

Such was Cecilia De Lancaster, who now in that sweet voice, which we have been describing—(Oh that ye would imitate it, ye tuneless talkers ! ) requested her father to impart to her his commands, not unaware that they most probably referred to his interview with her importunate admirer Sir Owen ap Owen, baronet, of Penruth Abbey.

This conjecture was soon confirmed by the recital, which her father now gave of the baronet's proposals; he stated them as advantageously for the proponent, as the case would admit of: his family and fortune were unexceptionable; he saw no objection to him on

the score of temper ; he had the character of being a kind master, an easy landlord and a hospitable neighbour : it must be owned that the good man was not overstocked with wit or learning, but he had no conceit or self-sufficiency to betray him into attempts, that might subject him to ridicule : his pursuits were not above the level of his understanding, so that upon the whole he thought his friend Sir Owen might pass muster with the generality of country gentlemen.

I think of him, said Cecilia, exactly as you do ; his pursuits are suited to his understanding, and his manners are suited to his pursuits : these are easily counted up, for they consist in little else but his hounds and his bottle : I can partake of neither ; my happiness centers in the consciousness of possessing the

good opinion and affection of my beloved father: That blessing I enjoy at home; I need not run to Penruth Abbey in pursuit of it; 'tis here, and ever present whilst I am with you. As for Sir Owen's addresses, he has repeated them so often for the last five years, and has so constantly received the same answer, that I must suppose he now compliments me with his proposal rather from habit, than with any serious idea, that it can avail. As a neighbour I shall be glad to see Sir Owen, even at the tea-table, provided he is sober, but as a lover I hope to see no more of him, and I flatter myself I shall not; especially should a certain lady arrive, whom I understand he is expecting at the Abbey.

Upon De Lancaster's asking who that lady was, Cecilia informed him that she

was the widow of his brother David, the Spanish merchant, lately deceased. This lady she understood to be a native of Spain, and that she was bringing with her from Cadiz a boy, the nephew of Sir Owen, and of course presumptive heir to his estate and title. Judge then, added she, if some address will not be employed by Mrs. Owen to keep her son in the succession, and if my poor lover has nothing but his Welch wits to oppose to her Spanish finesse, it is easy to conjecture what turn the politics of Penruth Abbey are likely to take.

Well, cried the father, it was my part to make good my promise to Sir Owen ; it is your's to decide upon his fate. This you have done, and I may now say without scruple, you have wisely done ; yet recollect my dear Cecilia, we have as yet but this one infant in our stock,

and I do not expect that Mrs. De Lancaster will prove a very prolific mother.

I trust, replied Cecilia, that this fine boy will live, and then I shall think Mrs. De Lancaster a very fortunate mother, though she may never greet us with a second hope.

Heaven grant the child may live ! exclaimed De Lancaster ; devoutly I implore it. But oh ! my dear Cecilia, where is our stream of ancestry alive but in yourself ? In whose veins but in your's does the ancient current of our blood run pure ? Look at your brother ! *Look at the rock, from which this child is hewn !* Is there in that dead mass one spark of native fire, one quickening ray of genius ?—No ; not one. Stamp't with an inauspicious name, he is of all the foregone Philips *Philippissimus*. Look at the hapless mother of the babe !



Has she a heart? I know she has not that, which answers to the name: she had, but it is gone. Alas for thee, poor babe! being so fathered and so mothered, child, from whom can'st thou derive or heart or head—?

From you, his grandfather, replied Cecilia: Come, come, my dearest sir, I'll not allow of this despondency. Rise from your chair, and come with me and visit this new scyon of your stock! Look in his lovely face; contemplate the bright promise of a true De Lancaster, a virtuous hero, born to crown your name with honour: See him! you'll own how Providence has blessed you, and blush for having doubted.

The father rose, took the hand of his daughter, and, whilst the tears were brimming in his eyes, followed where she led.

Now, my friendly reader, if you have gone patiently along with me through the pages of this my first book, let me hope that you will proceed not unpleasantly to the conclusion of the next.

You know that every story must have time to expand itself: characters must not be hurried into action before they are understood; and a novel, though it ought to be dramatic, is not absolutely a drama.

My hero is yet in the cradle, and I must keep his grandfather and others in the foreground, till he is fit to be presented to you: when that time comes, old age may cease to prattle, philology may fall back and NATURE step forward to conduct and close the scene.

In the mean time if I take the freedom of saying a few words, whilst the fable pauses, recollect that I cannot in the

course of nature have many more opportunities of conversing with you, and few have been the writers, with whom you have had more frequent intercourse, or who have been more pertinaciously industrious to deserve your favour and esteem, for I am now striving to amuse and edify even the youngest of my readers, when I myself am short of fourscore years by less than four; and I am inclined to believe, that the mere manual operation of writing these pages, (as I am now doing for the third time with my own hand) would be found task enough for any person of my age, without engaging in the labour of inventing, or the risque of fathering them.

Be that as it may, the work is done, and done, not in the evil spirit of the time, but without a single glance at any living character; conscious therefore

that I have not endangered what is sacred to me as a gentleman, the critics are most cordially welcome to every thing they can find about me as an author. However as I know some of them to be fair and honourable gentlemen, I hope they will recollect how often I have been useful to them in the sale of their publications, and assist me now with their good word in the circulation of De Lancaster.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

## BOOK THE SECOND.

## CHAPTER I.

*A Country Visit according to the old Costuma.*

By peep of day every thing, that had life, in and about Kray Castle, horses, dogs and cats included, were up and in motion, save only the lady in the straw, who could not rise, and the gentleman in bed, who did not chuse to leave it, namely Philip the fisher, who had not got one perch, and probably not so many *bites* from beside the banks, as he had been favoured with from between the blankets.

The two companions, who had pledged themselves to this adventure, rendezvoused at the same moment, though not

exactly under the same colours; for whilst the scarlet of De Lancaster's apparel was fiery bright, the uniform of Wilson had a cast of the campagne in it, having seen some service, and endured some smoke.

Amongst the numerous personages, who attended these adventurers to the door of the vehicle, in which they embarked their bodies, our new-born hero took a conspicuous post, probably more in compliment to the curiosity of his nurse, than selfishly to gratify his own. Nevertheless it is recorded, that when the machine, (called in those days a coach) was put in motion by the joint energy of six fat coach-horses and one fat driver, little John clapped his hands, and crowed amain for joy: if he made any speech upon the occasion, there was one more instance of miraculous pre-

maturity lost to the world, for nobody remembered it.

Though the country they had to travel over was not quite so flat as Norfolk, nor the road altogether like a gravel walk, yet the journey was prosperous, for the team was strong, and a persevering amble, now and then exasperated into an actual trot, brought the travellers within sight of the mansion, embowered in yew-trees, where dwelt the descendant of King Lear, father of a daughter less ambitious than Regan, but far more dutiful.

A forerunner, who without trial of his speed, had outstripped the coach by some miles, had announced the coming of the lord of Kray Castle, and the fires in the old conventual kitchen sparkled at the news: the drunken old warder had got on his fur gown, and the bard of the



family was ready in the gallery of the great hall to give the customary salutation to so honourable a guest. When Mr. De Lancaster had passed the abbey-like porch, and found himself in the aforesaid hall, he turned round, and made a courteous inclination of his head to the harper, who, like Timotheus, was *placed on high*: noticing the domestics and retainers, who lined his passage to the receiving room, he said in a whisper to his friend the colonel—These honest folks don't look as if they had suffered by a reduction either of the quantity or quality of their Welch ale.—When ushered into the room, where the master of the mansion was, they found him sitting in his gouty chair, with his foot wrapped in flannel on a stool, in company with a great collection of Morgans, who hung quietly by the wall:

upon sight of De Lancaster his countenance was lighted up with joy. This is kind indeed, he exclaimed; this is an honour I could not expect, and a favour I shall never forget, taking the hand of De Lancaster, and making an effort, as if to press it to his lips. Turning to Colonel Wilson, he cried—Ah my old friend, I am happy to see you. Welcome to Glen-Morgan! Why you look bravely, and are nimbler upon one leg, than I am upon two: you see how I am suffering for the sins of my youth.—He then called out again for Mrs. Richards his housekeeper; he might have spared himself the trouble, for Mrs. Richards was in the room, and made herself responsible for well-aired beds, reminding her master, who questioned her very closely, that Captain Jones had lodged ten nights in the room, which she had

prepared for Mr. De Lancaster, and he had left Glen-Morgan that very morning: the same good care had been taken of Colonel Wilson's apartment. Satisfaction being given upon these points, Mrs. Richards was strictly enjoined to see that not an individual belonging to his worthy guest wanted for any thing in his house, nay, if a dog had followed his coach, let it be her duty to take care that he was welcomed and well fed.—These were the manners, and such the primitive hospitality of those days.

When dinner was announced, and old Morgan, wheeled in his chair into the eating-room, the parson in his canonicals at the foot of the table gave his benediction to an abundant mass of steaming viands, which bespoke a liberal rather than an elegant provider. A grave and elderly gentleman, who had the health

of the family under his care, pronounced a loud Amen at the conclusion of the parson's prayer, and the butler at the sideboard bowed his head. The family lawyer was also present, having a dinner retainer *ad libitum*, and a painter of no small eminence, who was upon his tour for the purpose of taking sketches of back-grounds for his portraits, completed the party.

Every guest at table had an attendant at his back in full livery of green and red with boot-cuffs, on which the tailor of the household had wantonly bestowed such a bountiful profusion of scarlet plush, that the hand, which gave a plate, seldom failed to sweep away the bread beside it, or the knife and fork, as it might happen : some discomposure also occurred to the wearers of wigs, when a dish was put on or taken off from the

table. The harp would not have been silent, but that Mr. De Lancaster observed, that the din of the table would probably be louder than the melody of the serenade, and with much good reason suggested, that it might be more respectful to the musician, not to call upon him for his attendance till there was a better chance for hearing his performance.

When the table at length was cleared, and the health of the new-born heir had gone round, De Lancaster did not fail to call for the minstrel, and Mr. Gryffin Gryffin made his entrance with his harp, habited in his garb of office with his badge of merit pendant on his breast. After a prelude, calculated to display his powers of execution, he paused to know if it was the pleasure of the company to honour him with their choice of any fa-

vourite melody; to this De Lancaster with his usual courtesy made answer, that for himself he should much prefer to hear some strain of Mr. Gryffin's own composition, accompanied by the voice. Gryffin bowed, and confessed that he had been employed upon a simple melody of a pensive and pathetic cast, adapted to a few valedictory stanzas, which Captain Jones, who had that morning departed from Glen-Morgan to embark for the West Indies, had left upon his table, purposely, as it should seem, to fall into his hands.—

By all means give us those! was the exclamation of more than one person in the company.

The obedient minstrel again made a graceful reverence, and throwing his hands upon his harp, sung as follows—

“ Hark, hark, tis the bugle! It wafts to my ear  
“ The signal for parting—Adieu to my dear.  
“ I go to the isles, where the climate is death,  
“ And Fate’s pallid hand weaves my funeral wreath.

“ When I leave my soul’s treasure forlorn on the  
“ shore,  
“ And I strain my sad eyes, till they see her no  
“ more,  
“ My sorrows unheeded no pity shall move,  
“ While my cold-hearted comrades cry—Why did  
“ you love?

“ A soldier, whose sword is his all, should obey  
“ No mistress but Honor—and truly they say—  
“ Behold! at her call, to my duty I fly;  
“ Can a soldier do more for his honor than die?”

When Mr. Gryffin Gryffin had concluded his madrigal, of which the melody at least was extremely well composed, the painter, who ought to have been a better critic, than to have overlooked the effect, which it had had upon the countenance of old Morgan, unad-



visedly enquired who the mistress of the poet was—A poet's mistress, you may be sure, De Lancaster instantly replied ; every thing is imaginary ; the mistress and the muse are alike ideal beings, and death and dying are only put in to make out the rhymes ; then turning to the master of the table, he said—Brother Morgan, I perceive you drink no wine ; I have had my glass, and if the company will excuse us, you and I old fellows will leave them to their claret, and take a cup of coffee *tete à tete* in the next room.

The motion was seasonable, and so immediately seconded by the man of medicine, that the mover and the man to be moved soon found themselves in a situation equally well adapted to the compassionate object of the one, and the seasonable relief of the other.

Here as soon as they had taken their

seats, and were left to themselves, De Lancaster commenced his lecture *De consolatione*. On this occasion it so happened, that a fair opportunity was not made use of, for, except a slight hint at Cicero and his daughter, very little philology or common-place argument were resorted to: common sense was found upon trial to answer all purposes quite as well: when the one lamented that he had not discovered his daughter's attachment, the other very naturally demanded, who but the lady was to be blamed for that? Where there was such a flagrant want of confidence on the part of the daughter, and no compulsion on that of the father, by what kind of sophistry could he suggest occasion for any self-reproach?—To this when Morgan answered, that he feared his daughter had been awed into

concealment, De Lancaster sharply replied, that he defied him to assign any honourable motive for a disingenuous action : a father could only recommend the situation, which he thought most eligible and advantageous for his child, presuming that she had not previously engaged her heart ; in which if he was deceived by her, it only proved that either he was very unsuspecting, or she extremely cunning. In conclusion Morgan was driven to confess that his only remaining compunction arose from the reflection upon what Mr. Philip De Lancaster might suffer by a connection, so little likely to promote his happiness.

If that be your regret, resumed De Lancaster, dismiss it from your mind at once. Philip is made at all points for your daughter : no couple can be better paired. Fondness on either side would

destroy their mutual tranquillity. They have given us, under Providence, a grandson, and if that blessing be continued to us, you and I must agree to regard the intermediate generation as a blank, and rest our only hope on what that child may be.

Heaven grant him life, cried Morgan !  
You have cured me of the mournfuls.  
Let us join our friends.

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## CHAPTER II.

*Robert De Lancaster returns to Kray-Castle.*

*Another Visit is in Meditation.*

As the porter, who lays down his burden and his knot, has probably a quicker sense, and greater relish for the pleasure, which that relaxation gives, than the gentleman, who never carried

any thing heavier than the coat upon his back, so did it fare with the good old lord paramount of the manor of Glen-Morgan. He was just now the lightest man in the company, forasmuch as he had got rid of a heavy wallet of vexations, and in the gaiety of his heart, he declared, that as for any pain the gout could give (which in fact at that very moment gave no pain at all) he regarded it as nothing: a man was not to flinch and make wry faces at a little twinge of the toe, when he had a gallant officer in his eye, who had undergone the amputation of a leg.

Yes, said the colonel, I have lost one leg; I should not like to lose another; but in our way of life we must take things as they turn out; considering how often I have heard the bullets whistle, I think myself well off.

I perceive, cried the painter, it is your right leg, colonel, which you have lost : the misfortune I should think would have been greater, had you been deprived of your right arm.

So the world would think, sir, replied the colonel, had it been your case ; but we poor soldiers sometimes want our legs to save our lives.

Your wounds sometimes, said De Lancaster, will save your lives : the scars, that Caius Marius bore about him, rendered his visage so terrible, that the assassinating soldier did not dare to strike him.—I have painted him in that very crisis, replied the artist ; but I confess I have trusted to his natural expression, and left out the scars.—You have done right as a painter, rejoined De Lancaster ; an historian is tied down to facts.

After an evening, passed in conver-

sation, cheerful at least, though little worth recording, and a night consumed in sleep, of which no record can be taken, Robert De Lancaster rose with the sun, and, after about five hours travel, was set down in safety with his friend the colonel at his castle door, where Cecilia met him with a smiling welcome, and a happy report, that all was well. This report was in a few minutes after confirmed by Mr. Llewellyn, who had the health of the lady above stairs under his care. Mr. Philip also presented himself, and our hero John, (though last and least) exhibited his person, and seemed perfectly well satisfied with the reception, that was given him.

Llewellyn was a man of information, and had a spirit of enquiry, by which he became to the full as deep in the secrets of the families he visited, as in those



of the medicines he administered. To Sir Owen at all times, sick or well, he had free access, and he paid him more than professional attendance: he now brought the news of Mrs. David Owen's arrival at Penruth Abbey. He had seen her, and being as usual in a communicative vein, he proceeded to launch out into many of those trivial particulars, which are of easy carriage, and with which gentlemen of his vocation are apt to enrich their conversation to the great edification and amusement of their employers.

Mr. Llewellyn would not positively pronounce Mrs. David Owen to be a beauty, yet he was aware that many people would call her pretty; she was not however to his taste: there was a want of sensibility and a certain delicacy of expression, which in his conception

of the female character (and here he addressed himself to Cecilia) was the very *crisis* of all that is charming in woman.

You mean *criterion*, my friend, said De Lancaster, but you are *in the shop*, and there errors are excepted; so go on; proceed with your description.

Mr. Llewellyn was too well accustomed to these little rubs to be daunted by them, and finding that he had gained attention, proceeded to describe Mrs. Owen as a sprightly little woman of a very dark complexion, with an aquiline nose, quick sparkling eyes and thick arched eyebrows, black as the raven's plume: Mr. Llewellyn professed himself no admirer of black hair; (Cecilia's was light brown) Her dress, he said, was after the fashion of the Spanish ladies, as he had seen them represented on the

London stage, when *he walked the hospitals*.—Here Mr. Llewellyn made another slip, but it was out of De Lancaster's reach, who had no data for a comment.—He acknowledged that her style of dress was well calculated to set off her shape, and display the elegance of her taper limbs to the best advantage : he would have the company be prepared to encounter the sight of bare elbows and short petticoats ; for his own part he was no friend to either. She had taken up her guitar at Sir Owen's desire, and sung two or three of her Spanish airs, accompanied by certain twanging strokes on that instrument, which, though it resembled nothing that could be called playing, had however no unpleasing effect. She sung in a high shrill tone, and accompanied the words, which he did not understand, with certain looks

and gestures, which he did not wish to describe.

Their melodies are Moorish, said De Lancaster; they use a great deal of action when they sing: the Greeks themselves did the same. Does Mrs. David Owen speak English?

With great fluency, but with a foreign accent. She had her son with her, about four or five years old, the very picture of herself; extremely forward, cunning and intelligent beyond what could be expected from a child of his age. Sir Owen had been rather disconcerted and thrown out of his bias by his visitors on their first arrival; but he had now acquiesced, and the lady seemed to have the game in hand. Mr. Llewellyn concluded by declaring, that if he had not been told she was a Spaniard, he should verily have suspected her to be a Jewess.

Whether she be Jewess or Christian, said the master of the family, we must pay her the compliment of a first visit, and without delay.

The next morning, as soon as the sun appeared upon the eastern hills, and gave the promise of a fair day, order of march was given out for the afternoon ; dinner was announced for an early hour, and again the body-coach set out with De Lancaster and Cecilia occupying the seat of honour, and Philip with his back to the great front glass, followed by two reverend personages grey-headed, and in no respect resembling light horsemen, save only that they carried arms before them, though not in holsters of the newest military fashion. The elegant simplicity of Cecilia's dress very happily contrasted the splendid drapery of the old gentleman, who had relieved the

scarlet coat, not in the happiest manner, with a waistcoat of purple satin, richly embroidered with gold, and not much exceeded by the coat in the length of its flaps, or the capaciousness of its pockets. Philip was by no means over-studious of the toilette. Colonel Wilson had gone home to receive his son Edward, who was now elected off from Westminster school to Trinity College in Cambridge.

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### CHAPTER III.

*The Visit to Penruth Abbey. Certain Personages, who will fill conspicuous Parts in this eventful History, are introduced to our Readers.*

As the cumbrous machine, to which the family of the De Lancasters had now committed their persons, disdained the

novelty of springs, it was well for the company within that it was provided with a soft lining of blue velvet and enormous cushions, stuff with swan's down. It had been the admiration of the county, when its owner served the office of sheriff about twenty years past, and though its original splendour was somewhat faded, it still exhibited on its pannels a vast shield emblazoned with the device of the harp between a copious expanse of wings. When it turned the point of the avenue leading to Penruth Abbey, looming large as an Indiaman in a fog off Beachy Head, it was readily descried by the porter from his lodge, who, huddling on his tufted gown of ceremony, rung out the signal on the turret-bell; whereupon all the waiting-men, drunk or sober, ranged themselves in the hall, and old Robin ap Rees pre-



pared himself to salute the respected visitor with a flourish on the harp, as he entered the house.

Robert De Lancaster, followed by his son and daughter, passed through the domestic files to the tune of Shenkin, and was received at the door of the saloon by Sir Owen, who presented his sister-in-law in due form, making her reverences in the style and fashion of Spain, where the ladies bow, and the men curtsey.

The good old man acquitted himself with all the gallantry of the good old court, and took his seat with due respect and ceremony beside the lady. When he had adjusted the tyes of his perriwig and the flaps of his coat, having drawn off his high-topped gloves to give a due display to his ruffles, Mrs. Rachel Owen began the conversation by telling him

how much she admired his equipage, which she complimented by saying it was exactly upon the model of the coaches of the Spanish nobles: the English carriages, she observed, were generally very ill constructed and in a bad taste, particularly those she travelled in, drawn by only two beggarly horses, unmercifully whipped by a brat of a postilion; whereas in her country no man of distinction could pass from place to place without his six mules, guided by the voice, unincumbered by either reins or harness, and ornamented with bells, which in her opinion gave a cheerful sound, and had a very dignified effect.

Why yes, madam, said De Lancaster, every country is attached to its own customs. The Spaniard prefers his mule, the Laplander his rein-deer, the inhabitant of the desert his camel, and some

tribes bordering upon Abyssinia ride their cows. The animals no doubt are adapted to their several climates: in England we are contented with horses, and as our vehicles are apt to have a great deal of iron-work about them, we are satisfied with the jingling they make, and readily dispense with the amusement of bells.

He then proceeded to pass some high encomiums on the beauty and majesty of the Castilian language, which he said he could read and understand, when spoken, though he was not able to keep up a conversation in it. He remarked upon the excellence of their proverbs, which he said was a proof both of the fecundity and antiquity of a language. She acknowledged the justness of his remark, and instanced the romance of Cervantes as abounding in proverbs.

She believed they were frequent in the Hebrew language, and asked him if they were also common in the Greek.

Very much so, madam, replied De Lancaster, in the writings of the Greeks. As to the Hebrews, the wise sayings of Solomon alone furnish a very copious collection, and are by us specifically called his *Proverbs*, or as the Greeks would term them his *Paræmiæ*, which some express by the word proverb, following Cicero's interpretation; others by the word adage, preferring the authority of Varro, the most learned of all the Roman philologists.

The lady, who had drawn this conversation upon herself by an affectation of talking about what she did not understand, now perceiving the eyes of the company directed towards her, and a general silence kept whilst De Lancaster

was speaking, felt her vanity so much flattered by having this learned harangue addressed to her, that, in order to hold it on, she ventured to ask which of the Greek authors were most famous for their proverbs.

Madam, replied De Lancaster, your question, though extremely pertinent for you to ask, is not easy for me to answer with the precision I could wish. I can only tell you that the Greek oracles were in general adages, and many of the latter are to be traced even in Homer: the bulk of them however is to be collected from Aristotle the Peripatetic, and his disciples Theophrastus and Clearchus of Irlœe, from Chrysippus, Cleanthes, Theætetus, Aristides, Aristophanes, Æschylus, Mylo, Aristarchus, and many others, that do not just now occur to me to name to you.

These are great authorities indeed, cried Mrs. Owen, more and more delighted with the conversation as it grew more and more unintelligible to her; and pray, learned sir, added she, condescend to inform me where the wise sayings of these great men are to be met with.

De Lancaster was not a man to withhold his answer from any question upon a point of philology, could any such have been put to him by his cook-maid; whereas Mrs. Owen had fairly hooked him in to believe that she was interested in his discourse, and solicitous to be informed. Possessed with this opinion, he replied—Madam, every question that you put to me is a convincing proof, that the ladies in your country turn their minds to studies, in which our English women have no ambition to be instructed

(a conclusion falser than which he never made in his life) and it is with particular satisfaction I have the honour to inform you, that in Zenobius the sophist, or (as some will have it) Zenodotus, in Diogenianus of Heraclea, and in the Collectanea of Suidas, you will find ample store to gratify your very laudable curiosity : I would recommend to you also to consult Athenæus, Stobæus, Laertius, Michael Apostolius the sophist, Theophrastus called Logotheta, and others, that might be pointed out ; but for the present perhaps these may suffice.

I dare say they will, cried Sir Owen, and if you find them in this house, sister Rachel, I'll give you leave to keep them. Lord bless you, my good neighbour, she never heard the name of one of them, nor is there a monk in all Spain, that ever did put a word of theirs under his



cowl, or ever will. I tell you they are as dull as asses, and as obstinate as mules. Rachel knows no more of what you have been saying to her than I do.

This side speech of the baronet's, so unseasonably true, had scarce passed his lips, when little David bolted into the room, and having fixed his piercing eyes upon the person of De Lancaster, ran up to his mother, and in a screaming voice cried out—Look, look, mamma, there's a man in a black wig, for all the world like our old governor of Cadiz!—Hush, hush, saucy child, cried the mother, stopping his mouth with her hand.—Don't stop him, I pray you, said the good man; when children find out likenesses, 'tis a proof that they make observations. Your son compares me to the governor of Cadiz, and I dare say I am honoured by the comparison.

That is true politeness, said Mrs. Owen, addressing herself respectfully to De Lancaster. It is not often that great learning and great urbanity are found in the same person: when they are, how infinitely they adorn each other!—a reflection this, so much to the honour of Mrs. David Owen, that lest I may not have many to record equally to her credit, I am the more inclined to notice it upon this opportunity.

Addressing herself to Mr. Philip De Lancaster, she said—I take for granted, sir, you are extremely fond of the beautiful infant, of which I am to give you joy—Philip bowed and made no answer.—I hear, repeated she, he is an uncommon fine boy—Philip was of opinion that all infants were alike: for his part he could mark no difference between them—

Perhaps you have not studied them with quite so much attention as you have given to your books—Philip was not very fond of reading—Of country sports perhaps—Still less—Of planting, farming, building?—Not in the least of either—Mrs. Owen seemed resolved to find his ruling passion—Did he take pleasure in the wholesome exercise of walking?—He doubted if it was wholesome, and he never walked, if he could avoid it: he angled now and then, and had no dislike to a game of chess—I comprehend you now, said the inquisitive lady; fishing is an amusement, that accords with meditation, and chess demands reflection and a fixt attention—I give little or no attention to it, replied Philip; and that may be the reason, why I never win a game—That certain-

ly may be the reason, resumed the lady, and I'm persuaded you have struck upon it.

The conversation now took a general turn. Tea was served, and the black prying eyes of Rachel Owen were at leisure to scrutinize the dress and person of Cecilia, whom the baronet seemed now disposed to release from all further solicitation. Master David Owen in the mean time amused himself with teasing a poor little Spanish lap-dog, which, but for him, would have quietly reposed its diminutive body in his mother's muff. When reprimanded by Sir Owen for tormenting a dumb creature, he set his nails with a most inveterate resolution into the little creature's tail, and to his infinite delight convinced the hearers, that he had no dumb creature between his fingers. This produced a

slight box on the ear from his uncle, and the yell of the suffering dog was instantly overpowered by the louder yell of the enraged tormentor—Poor fellow, said Mrs. Owen, you shall play with little Don when your uncle is not present: boys must be amused; must they not Mr. De Lancaster?—Not with cruelty I should hope, he replied; they ought not to be indulged in that amusement; and it is a very bad prognostic, when they can be amused by it—The dog is of little value to me, said Mrs. Owen, and I would sooner wring his nasty neck off with my own hands, than he should annoy my brother Owen, and expose my darling boy to be punished by him.

The dog, madam, said the old gentleman with a gravity, that was highly tinged with displeasure, the dog may be of little value, but humanity is of the

highest; and a more sacred lesson cannot be impressed upon the mind of your son, whilst it is yet capable of receiving the impression. Permit me also to observe to you that no lady wrings off the neck of a dog with her own hands: we should view it as an act of violence so totally out of character, that I must doubt if she ever could recover it—I will not suppose that a poor little animal could provoke your anger, because it cried out when it suffered pain, and your son excite your pity, when he cried out louder, and suffered nothing.

I am obliged to you, my good friend, cried Sir Owen, that is just what I would have said, if I could—Rachel Owen said nothing, but answered with a look, that I am neither able nor ambitious to describe. In that moment vanished her respect for De Lancaster,

and something was adopted in its stead of a less innocent and gentle quality. She took her sulky sobbing brat by the hand, and left the room without apology. The coach was announced, and De Lancaster rose to take his leave— You see how it is with me, said Sir Owen; I have admired an angel, and henceforth renounce all hope of her: such a whelp and such a shrew, as I am now coupled to, will shortly make an end of me.

De Lancaster shook his friend by the hand, walked silently through the hall to his coach, which conveyed him home in safety, time not having sufficed for the fat coachman to get more than three parts tipsy, and the fat horses being, as was usual with them, perfectly sober and acquainted with the road.



## CHAPTER IV.

*The Family of De Lancaster return to Kray-Castle. Our History mends its Pace.*

DE LANCASTER and his daughter, meditating on the occurrences, that had passed at their visit, particularly on the expressions, that had fallen from Sir Owen upon their taking leave, observed a profound silence for some time after they had left the Abbey. Philip's thoughts did not in any degree harmonize with their's, for he was ruminating on the charms of Mrs. Owen, and, as the coach was slowly moving up a steep ascent, promulgated his opinion, that nothing could be more agreeable and engaging than the very lady, who to them had appeared in so opposite a character.

No notice was taken of this *dictum*, for Philip had such a muttering way of delivering his wise sayings, as made them seem like speeches addressed to nobody in company, and of course entitled to no answer from any body. Philip however, who had laid down his proposition in general terms, proceeded now to branch into particulars, and these produced the following brief dialogue between son and father; the former carrying it on in the character of proponent, the latter as respondent.

Mrs. Owen is very delicately made.  
I like slender limbs.

They suit well with slender likings.

She has a great deal of wit, and I am sure you thought so, for you talked a great deal to her.

And to very little purpose it should seem.

She did not like Sir Owen to correct her child.

Then she should have taken the trouble out of his hands, for the boy deserved correction, and I am afraid will shortly become incorrigible.

Here the alternation paused, and Cecilia, turning to her father, said—What is it in the countenance of that boy, which, when I look upon him, causes me to shudder?

It is, said the father, because you read his character in his features, and are persuaded, that the child, who sets out by tormenting a poor helpless dog, will in time grow up to be the tormentor of a poor helpless man. I own there is something in the boy repulsive to my nature.

He has fine eyes, said Philip.

They are indications of his mind, and

give fair warning, replied De Lancaster; so far they may merit what you say of them.

I hope, rejoined Cecilia, my dear little nephew in no future time will form acquaintance or connection with him. He never will be cruel I am sure; his little hands already are held out to every living thing he sees, and his sweet smile bespeaks humanity.

Yes, and as surely as he lives, my dear, replied De Lancaster, his hands will be held out to all his fellow creatures in distress, or I am a false prophet. As for my friend Sir Owen, I pity him from my heart, poor man. His last words made a strong impression on me. If he submits to keep these plagues about him, I fear he will never know another happy day.

Philip's opinion of Mrs. Owen was

not altered, but his fund of conversation was exhausted, so he said no more, and the coach discharged its freight in the port, from which it had set out.

As we hold it matter of conscience not to keep our readers any longer in the nursery, we must here avail ourselves of our privilege, and pass very slightly over a period of our hero's life, which does not furnish us with matter sufficiently interesting to be recorded in these memoirs. As we profess to give the history of the human mind, we trust it will be allowed us to present our John De Lancaster to the reader as a boy, whose thoughts and actions were no longer merely neutral, but such as might naturally lead to the developement of that character, which he was destined to exhibit in his more advanced maturity. For the present we shall content our-

selves with observing that, although the age, when education ought to have begun, was now gone by, still the question of what species that education should be, whether public or private, was not decided.

Within this period the following letters, under different dates from the West Indies, had reached the hands of Mrs. Philip De Lancaster.

*“ From Captain Jones—Letter the first.*

“ Madam,

“ In a few days after I had arrived at my destination I fell ill, and my disorder soon assumed those appearances, which in this country are considered to afford but little chance of a recovery. The wife and daughter of my friend Major Parsons, who came passengers with me in the same transport, with a

benignity, that exposed their lives to danger, under Providence saved me from death.

“ Unfortunately for the younger of my preservers, she conceived so strong an attachment, that I must have been the most unfeeling and the most ungrateful of all men could I have remained insensible to her partiality. Her health became in danger, and both her father and mother, well apprised of the cause of it, offered and even solicited me to accept her hand in marriage, and I did not withstand their joint appeal.

“ Thus, after your example, I have married, and I am persuaded, that my wife, had she the honour of being known to you, would please you by the gentleness of her character and the unaffected modesty of her manners. I have stationed her in a little cottage near ad-



joining to the barracks, and in a healthy situation ; but her father Major Parsons is like myself a soldier of fortune, and our establishment is proportioned to our means.

“ I write by this conveyance to lay her jointly with myself at the feet of my benevolent patron your ever-honoured father. She presumes to send you a few tropical fruits of her own preserving, and hopes you will condescend to accept of them together with her most humble respects and unfeigned good wishes.

I have the honour to be,

Madam, &c. &c.

JOHN JONES.”

The second letter from Captain Jones, of a date posterior by about a year to the foregoing, is as follows—

“ Madam,

“ Alas, that I must trouble you with my sorrows ! I have lost my wife ; my poor Amelia is no more. She was a being of so mild a nature, that were I conscious of a single word, which ever passed my lips to give her pain, I never should have peace of mind again. The ravages of this exterminating fever are tremendous : she fell before it almost without a struggle. The affliction of her parents is extreme, and I am told the sternest soldier in my company, that followed her body to the grave, could not refrain from tears, for every soul that knew her, loved and lamented her. She has left an infant daughter, in whose tender features I trace a perfect miniature of her whom I have lost. As soon as ever her afflicted grandmother can be induced to part from her, I mean to res-

cue her from this infernal climate, and consign her to the motherly care and protection of my kind friend and relation Mrs. Jennings, who resides at Denbigh—

“ Oh Madam, you, who know the inmost feelings of my breaking heart, will you in pity look upon my child, the legacy of my Amelia, my all in this world, and perhaps before this letter reaches you, the only relict of your wretched friend ?

I have the honour, &c. &c.

JOHN JONES.”

This letter was soon followed by the melancholy tidings of poor Jones's death ; his infant child Amelia had in the mean time arrived, and was placed under the care of Mrs. Jennings above-mentioned, who by the bounty of old

Morgan, was liberally rewarded with a pension for her education of the orphan.

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## CHAPTER V.

*Puerile Anecdotes of our Hero John De Lancaster.*

ALTHOUGH Mr. De Lancaster in one of his prophetic moments had pronounced, that the mother of our hero would conceive a more than ordinary love and affection for her infant, the event did not exactly verify the prediction : sorrow had benumbed her heart : she had so long fed upon it in secrecy and silence, that all the little energy, which nature had originally endowed her with, was lost. From her husband she derived no comfort, and for the maternal duties she was totally unfit. The accommodating contract she had entered

into with Philip for all nuptial emancipation in future, was so religiously observed on both sides, that it did not seem in the order of things natural, that the heir of the family would ever be saddled with a provision for younger children.

Young John, who had occasioned much trouble and annoyance to his mother by inadvertently coming into the world, before he was expected, seemed likely to go out of it without experiencing the care of any other parent than the benevolent Cecilia; for Mr. Philip De Lancaster, as I have before hinted, had married without any other moving cause than what operated upon him through the strainers of his father's commendation and advice, and was not remarkably uxorious. On the contrary, as the embers of affection were not vivid

in his bosom, and as there is reason to believe he did not take much pains to kindle them in the bosom of his lady, it may be presumed, that he was as little studious to find consolation for her sorrows, as she was to interrupt his indolence, or to resent his indifference.—Amusements she had none, and occupations extremely few : she discharged herself from all attention to family hours and family meals ; eat and slept by herself, received no company and paid no visits, alive to little else but the reports, which at stated times she expected and received from Mrs. Jennings at Denbigh of little Amelia's health and improvement, whom at the same time she had not energy enough to visit, whilst her father was a prisoner at Glen-Morgan under the coercion of two inexorable keepers, old age and gout. She had a

servant Betty Wood, an ancient maiden and as melancholy as herself, who now and then read homilies to her, and now and then worked carpeting and quilted counterpanes, over which she regaled herself with hymns, sung in a most sleep-inviting key to adagio movements, that scarce moved at all. This work of hers, like that of the chaste Penelope, was without end or object ; for it rarely failed to happen that, before the task was finished, Mrs. De Lancaster had changed her fancy as to the pattern, and destroyed perhaps in a few minutes what patient Betty had been employed upon for months : her carpets never covered the floor, nor did her counterpanes ever ornament the beds.

As Mr. Philip De Lancaster had no further punctilios to observe towards his lady, he seemed to think that nothing



more could be required of him towards his son except to measure his growth from year to year by notches in the wainscot of the steward's parlour, which are there remaining to this hour as records of the extraordinary vegetative powers, with which dame Nature had endowed the object of these memoirs. Cecilia would fain have had her little nephew brought into the room after dinner, but it was not often she was indulged in that wish, as the old gentleman did not approve of the custom ; and once, when the good aunt was rather more importunate than was usual with her, he told her, that the practice of introducing noisy children and prattling nurses into the guest-room was so justly reprobated by all civilized societies, that the citizens of Abydos became notorious to a proverb for their ill manners in that

particular, and were the laughing-stock of the more refined Athenians—And should not you and I, said he, like the aforesaid citizens, deserve to be the ridicule of our neighbours, if, instead of entertaining them with the conversation of the table, we should treat them with the din and gabble of a nursery?—From these, or any other authorities, when abetted by her father, it was not Cecilia's practice to appeal, though perhaps she longed to observe to him, that his neighbours were not in all respects exactly like the *refined Athenians*.

De Lancaster nevertheless was extremely fond of his grandson, and once in every forenoon had him brought into his library, where he would hear him say the little lessons, that his aunt had taught him, and sometimes with great good humour tell him stories, and repeat

fables, which had always some point of instruction couched under the moral of them, upon which however the narrator was in the habit of descanting rather longer than would have answered his purpose, had that been only to amuse the hearer ; but as this history does not undertake to record every incident, that occurred during the boyish years of our hero, we shall content ourselves with observing, that, as he advanced in strength and stature, he gave proofs of a very early aptitude towards all athletic exercises within the compass of his powers. He scrambled up the crags, forded the gullies and braved the inclemencies of climate, with any boy of his age, however bold or hardy.

That the only son and heir of a family so ancient, rich and respectable should be indulged in these adventures, would

not seem very natural, but that his aunt could not, and his father would not, follow him in these excursions, whilst every body else about the castle conspired to encourage him in them, and applauded him for his resolution.

His great ambition was to rival young David Williams, son of the blind minstrel, in the manly art of horsemanship. This hardy lad performed his errands to the post office and market of the neighbouring town on a poney, who yielded to none of Welch extraction in obstinacy and determined disobedience to controul. He had more ingenious devices to dislodge young David from his back, than young David had resources at all times ready to disappoint and thwart him in his contrivances; and hence it rarely came to pass, that the horse and his rider did not part company before

the expedition was complete and at an end. If David was by chance encharged with frangible commodities, nobody could ensure upon a worse bottom. Poney had not a single friend in house or stable; every soul gave him an ill name; but some enjoyed to witness his malicious tricks, whilst to others David always set out with an assurance, that he would master him, and generally came home with tokens, that gave ocular demonstration to the contrary.

One evening as David was returning home through the park with a cargo of sundries in a basket, and just then in high good humour with his poney, he was met by his friend John exactly at the pass, where the two roads branched off, the one towards the castle, and the other to the stables. David's business carried him to the house, but the poney

was disposed to carry him and his business to the stable. This begat a difference of opinions on the spot, and the dispute soon begat blows, which were manfully laid on by the rider, and passionately resented by the receiver. After a sufficient number of indecisive plunges, which brought the basket of miscellaneous articles to the ground, but left the rider only a little forwarder on his saddle than was quite convenient, poney seemed in the humour to compromise the question between the two roads by taking neither; but bolted forwards at full speed towards the hah-hah, that bounded the pleasure ground, upon the very brink of which he made a sudden stop, and throwing up his heels at the same instant with his head between his knees, he completely effected his purpose by pitching his jockey into the aforesaid



hah-hah, which, luckily for its visitor, was just then full of water.

When John, who had been spectator of the contest, had assisted his friend in getting out of the water, and found all bones whole, he repaired to the stable, where the contumacious poney was still standing at the door, and, arming himself, with David's whip, proceeded to mount. This was a new demand, which the poney could by no means reconcile to his feelings; the battle instantly commenced; and victory hung between them for a while without any seeming partiality to either side: many a time they came to the ground together, but never parted; till at length, after plenty of restive manœuvres, and a pretty many Welch remonstrances, poney gave in, and, to the immortal honour of our young Antæus, ever after became as tractable as a turn-spit.



## CHAPTER VI.

*Education stands still. The Seeds of Enmity are sown. The Incident of the dying Soldier.*

WHILST our hero was thus gaining laurels in the field by his bodily achievements, in mental attainments he made no great progress. His good aunt Cecilia laboured hard at her English lessons, but his play-fellows and companions without any labour kept him in such practice with their Welch, that between both languages he was in danger of speaking neither. Still his kind instructress persevered in teaching him such things as she could teach and he could learn, but although he was now advanced beyond the age, when boys in general turn out to public schools, the parties, which sate in council on the

specific mode of education to be pursued, were so wide of an adjustment, that it might well be made a doubt if he was in any way of being educated at all.

Mr. Philip De Lancaster had naturally so little interest in his own opinions upon this, or any other question, that he parted from them upon the easiest terms, and took them back again upon the slightest reasons. He had been heard to say that something should be thought of for him, but the task of thinking was a task he did not concern himself about. If the decision between public and private education had rested upon Philip, his casting vote would have been as mere a matter of chance, as the cast of the dice.

Mrs. De Lancaster, the mother, who never opened upon this subject, except once to Cecilia, expressed her opinion

that the question was of no importance : he was his father's son, and educate him how they would, he would still be his son, and education could not mend him.

Cecilia was humbly of opinion, that the subject was above her, and properly belonged to the other sex to consider and decide. She observed however that Colonel Wilson had given his sons a public education, and she believed he had no cause to repent of it: this was evidently a lure to hook him into the debate, and a pretty clear insinuation which way her judgment and her wishes pointed. But the master-opinion, which alone could resolve, and carry resolution into effect, was still to be sought for in the bosom of the grandfather, and he did not seem in haste to bring it forth.

If it were put to me in the way of question, he said to Cecilia, whether I

am prepared to recommend a public school, I answer, no : if you should persist to ask what other system I would recommend, I should observe to you, that system is subordinate to nature, and that none such ought to be laid down, till it is apparent and made clear to what the genius of my grandson points. When I make use of the term genius, let me not be understood as if admitting any inborn influence, which might seem to favour the absurd chimeras about innate ideas. I am aware that Sophocles in his *Ajax* asserts, that the happiness of man consists only in his ignorance : in his ignorance of such things, as would make man miserable did he know them, his happiness may indeed be said to consist ; and so far only I can agree with Sophocles ; for ignorance, in its proper sense, can make no man happy ; on the

contrary I hold it as a truth incontrovertible, that, if any human being could be perfect in virtue, he would be perfect in wisdom also ; and if such be the test of wisdom, how can ignorance be said to make him happy ? Now if the wisdom of virtue is to be instilled into the young pupil by the wisdom of books, it must surely be by other books, than his masters in the dead languages may always happen to select for his instruction in those languages. Cicero wrote about the cardinal virtues, as he was pleased to call them, and it is not quite clear to me, that suicide was not one of the family : in fact, his book is good for nothing ; the man was a follower of the New Academy, and of course could have no opinion : his ambition was to talk about every thing, and his maxim to decide upon nothing. You, my ex-

cellent Cecilia, can for the present teach your nephew what he ought to know, and perhaps if he never learns what you cannot teach, he will have no loss. You will instil into his heart religion in its purest principles—in teaching that, you teach him every thing.

When this honest, but eccentric, man had thus unluckily entrenched himself on the wrong side of a clear question, he could find so many specious arguments of this sort for doing nothing, that of course nothing was done; and the mind of the neglected boy, now thirsting for instruction, found every avenue shut against him, except that only, which had little new to afford.

It so happened that Colonel Wilson had been called away upon an exchange of his government for one of rather more emolument in a distant situation,



where he had been obliged to reside for a certain term upon his first taking possession. This was a heavy loss to young John, who had the mortification to hear the wit and understanding of David Owen cried up and applauded, whilst he himself was let to remain in a state little short of dereliction. Once or twice he was admitted to the honour of standing by his father, whilst he angled in the canal; but John saw no amusement in watching a float, that never once gave the signal of a bite. In Cecilia's flower garden he took some small delight, but it was pleasure of too tame a sort to satisfy his ardent mind.

One morning when Sir Owen's fox hounds were to throw off in Kray wood, he was permitted to put himself under the convoy of the groom, and go out to see them find; but alas, he was destined



to exhibit himself on the back of the reformed poney, late the letter-carrier and drudge of the castle ; when the first object, that struck his sight, was the fine young heir of Penruth Abbey, mounted on a full-sized hunter, and dressed in a uniform of green and scarlet: He was accompanied by several gentlemen in the same uniform, and, Sir Owen not being in the field, seemed to act as master of the hunt. When the hounds began to challenge in the cover, the sportsmen were in motion, and poor John, conscious of his unworthiness to enrol himself amongst them, struck down a narrow lane, that skirted the wood and led towards the castle by the shortest cut. The country had been drenched with rain, and whilst John and poney were bustling through this muddy pass, young Owen galloped

swiftly by, and having spitefully contrived to sluice him, (man and horse,) all over with the dirty soil, looked back and laughed.—Never mind, master Johnny, cried the groom: sportsman's fare—Not aware that the injury, which the poor little fellow had received, was not confined to his clothes, for upon drawing up and dismounting, which agony compelled John to do without delay, not only his face was cut with the flinty rubbish, that had been thrown up by the heels of Owen's horse, but his eyes had suffered much more seriously, so that he was obliged to be led home with his handkerchief bound over his eyes, suffering the whilst intolerable pain. What passed on his arrival at the castle need not be described: it was some weeks before the skill of Mr. Llewellyn, and the tender care of Cecilia, could be

fairly said to have perfected the cure. No intercourse in the mean time passed between the abbey and the castle, and, if it was known at the former place (which there is good reason to think it was) neither enquiry nor apology ever reached the latter.

Whilst the groom enraged the lower regions of Kray Castle with his account of the malicious feat, John was quite as capable of distinguishing between design and accident, and with fewer words, but deeper meditation, laid up the insult in his mind, never to be forgotten.

During the time that the boy, in consequence of this injury, was interdicted from resorting to his book, impatient to be learning something, he turned his thoughts towards blind Williams, who repeated verses and played to him on the harp; which to enjoy, he would sit for

hours, with the shade over his blood-shot eyes, sympathizing with old David on the lamentable loss of sight, and enquiring if it was attended by that misery, which his imagination attached to it.

It chanced one day, whilst sitting in this attitude by the side of the minstrel, he was solicited for his charity by a worn-out soldier, who had fallen sick upon his way, and had been admitted into the house by the servants for the purpose of relieving him in his distress. John lifted up the shade from off his eyes, to look at him, and the melancholy spectacle, which, through the misty medium of his feeble optics, he imperfectly discerned, struck so hard upon his feeling heart, that he suffered the very keenest pang, that pity could inflict. Food, clothes, medicine, bed, every thing, that could relieve a suffering

fellow creature at the point to die, was immediately to be prepared. The soldier's tale was short ; for in the history of his sufferings there was a mournful uniformity : wounds and hard service in unhealthy climates had made him old in the mid-stage of life ; poverty and privation had depressed his hardy vigour, and sickness, consequential of those evils, had at length broken down a gallant spirit, which, under these accumulated visitations, could no longer struggle with its destiny.

John heard this sad recital of his woe with sympathizing tears ; but when he came to relate how cruelly he had been threatened and dismissed by the young lord of a fine great house in the neighbourhood, (describing Penruth Abbey) whilst begging charity at the door, where he saw the very dogs fed with

bread, for want of which he was starving, our heart-struck hero started from his seat, and, stamping vehemently on the floor, exclaimed—Let me but live to bring that Jew-born wretch to shame, and let me die the death, I care not; tis enough!—Then turning to the servants, he said—Take notice; my grandfather, your master, has charity in his heart, and will not suffer this poor man to perish through the want of any thing, that he can give. Let him therefore want for nothing; when you have given him what he ought to have, take him to a well-aired bed in a comfortable room, and send for Mr. Llewellyn to attend upon him. I'll answer for my orders—The soldier overpowered with gratitude, only murmured out his thanks: blind David sung out loudly—Heaven reward thee, my sweet child! Thou art a true De Lancaster!

## CHAPTER VII.

*The Soldier takes leave of our young Hero.  
Delivers to him a Pacquet he was entrusted with, and dies.*

NEXT morning, when the sun had risen, and old Robert De Lancaster was attended upon, as usual, by David Williams, he enquired after the sick soldier, which he understood had been taken into the house by the order of his grand-son John. This drew from Williams a recital, much more circumstantial, than had yet been made to him of that event. He gave the very words, that John had uttered in resentment of young Owen's inhumanity, and they were deeply felt. De Lancaster remained silent for a time, and gave no signal to the blind musician ; at length he said—Williams, my mind is agitated :



give me something soothing, and let it be a simple melody—I have hastily put together a kind of ballad-melody of that very sort, replied the minstrel, which occurred to me whilst reflecting upon young Mr. Owen's want of charity to the poor soldier, and, if it is your pleasure, I will recite it to the harp—Let me hear it, said the master, and the minstrel sung as follows—

“ I'm sick, said the soldier, and cover'd with scars,  
“ Behold the sad fruit I have reap'd in your wars!

“ Have pity, good master, I'm feeble and old,  
“ I'm weary, and starving with hunger and cold.

“ Begone from my door, and appeal to the laws,  
“ I am not of your country, nor friend to your cause:—

“ Thus answer'd the merciless squire in his pride,  
“ And thus with disdain a young angel replied—

“ What ails thee, what ails thee, thou miserly elf,  
“ To be hoarding and hugging thy rascally pelf?

“ See where old father care strews his thorns in  
thy bed,

“ And terrible death waves his dart o’er thy head.

“ Let thy cash buy the blessing and pray’r of the  
poor,

“ And let them intercede when death comes to thy  
door ;

“ They perhaps may appease that importunate  
pow’r,

“ When thy coffers can’t buy the reprieve of an  
hour.

“ Foolish man, don’t you know ev’ry grain of  
your gold

“ May give food to the hungry and warmth to the  
cold ?

“ A purchase in this world shall soon pass away,

“ But a treasure in Heaven will never decay.

“ Now tell me what pleasure you reap from your  
hoard,

“ And I’ll tell you what rapture your dross might  
afford ;

“ Amid numberless joys I will name only these—

“ Gay days, happy nights and a conscience at ease.

“ Do you think, sordid wretch, when you turn a  
deaf ear

“ To the suit of the orphan that God does not hear ?

“ Do you hope to escape from the searcher of  
hearts,

“ When the tear of the widow no pity imparts ?

“ When the ag’d and infirm vainly put up their  
pray’r

“ For that mite, which your mass without missing  
could spare,

“ The angel of vengeance your crime will enroll

“ Amongst those of the demons, who murder the  
soul.

“ Give a shilling to-day, and the joy you’ll derive,

“ To-morrow shall swell your small tribute to five ;

“ Progressive delight ev’ry hour shall encrease,

“ And at length a few guineas shall purchase your  
peace.

“ If you spurn my advice, you’re a blockhead and  
dunce,

“ You cannot serve God and your Idol at once ;

“ Who traffics with Mammon will find in the end,

“ He has made a bad bargain, and lost a good  
friend.”

De Lancaster had always a kind word  
upon his lips for his old blind minstrel,

and having told him that he had added another leaf to his laurel, went down to his family assembled in the breakfast room with all that charity in his heart, which the ditty had recommended.

When the story of the soldier had been heard by Mr. Philip De Lancaster, he coolly observed, that it was a trick to extort money ; he would not take the soldier's word for a farthing, and did not believe young Owen capable of any thing cruel or uncharitable.

When it was related to Cecilia, she threw her arms about the neck of the benevolent boy, pressed him to her bosom, and prayed Heaven to preserve him from the malice of that spiteful imp, whose evil-boding visage haunted her both day and night.

When the mother of John was informed of the circumstance, and under-

stood that the man, who laid sick in the house was a soldier, she sent Betty Wood to enquire of him what regiment he belonged to, and when answer was brought that he was invalided from the 15th foot in the West Indies, and private in the company of the late Captain John Jones, whom he should ever bewail as the kindest master and the best of friends, it seemed as if the fountain of her tears was never to be exhausted. An irresistible desire possessed her to see the man, and, after certain preparatory manœuvres, conducted by faithful Betty, she actually carried her resolution into effect, and entered the chamber of the soldier, planting Betty at the door to prevent interruption. As he had been selected from the ranks by Captain Jones, as his domestic servant, he had many anecdotes to relate, highly interesting to the

hearer, and very honourable to his late master: he spoke also warmly in the praise of his deceased lady, and in raptures of his dear little Amelia, with whom it seems he had come over to England in the packet, and, after many adventures and misfortunes, was on his way to visit her at Denbigh, when sickness overtook and reduced him to the condition, in which the charity of her angel son had found him.

He was now exhausted, and Mrs. De Lancaster forbore to press upon him any more enquiries: she bade him be assured that he should never want; she would pension him for life; she would settle him at Glen-Morgan in the neighbourhood of Denbigh, and, if ever she became possessed of that estate, he should be taken into her house, and pass the

remainder of his days in ease and competency.

Alas, good lady, feebly he replied, I have but few more days on this side the grave, and them I must employ in asking mercy of my God, and imploring blessings on your son, who has been to me as an angel before death.

This said, she left him, and retired unseen to her chamber. John was soon after heard, as usual, at her door, and admitted.

Come to my arms, she cried, my dear, my noble boy ! Did you but know how I feel and why I feel your charity to that poor soldier, you would not wonder at the tears I shed, whilst thus I press you to a breaking heart. But you will know me after I am dead, and that time is not far off. Leave me, my child ; I



shall not often send for you ; my sorrows must be only to myself. Go, go, be happy ! I am very ill. Send Wood ; and leave the room.

In the forenoon of the day next ensuing, young John De Lancaster visited the poor soldier ; he was dying, but found strength to say—God bless you and farewell ! Had I been relieved when I begged charity of that neighbouring gentleman, who turned me from his door, I think I might have lived, but I fainted soon after, and all your goodness could not save me. He then reached out his hand, and delivered to John a small leathern purse, which he prayed him to open. It contained a plain gold ring, which Captain Jones had given him in charge for his daughter Amelia, being the wedding ring of her mother : could he have reached

Denbigh, he had delivered it to her : he had been strongly beset by hunger more than once, but he had resisted every impulse to part from it, and had fulfilled his trust at the expence of his life : he now committed the deposit to the care of one, who he was sure would faithfully convey the legacy to its proper owner, and he devoutly prayed to heaven, that it might prove a blessing to the wearer—John took the ring, and assured him it should never pass from any other hands but his into those of Amelia Jones.

In the evening of that day the soldier died.

Have patience with me, kind and courteous reader ! I am not leading you into the regions of romance : I aim not to surprise you ; but I am aiming to

find out, (if haply nature shall direct my hand) that clue, which, rightly followed, may empower me to unravel the recesses of your heart. This is my object; in attempting this, success, however short of triumph, will repay me; but, if I wholly fail, my labour's lost; I have no second hope.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

## BOOK THE THIRD.

## CHAPTER I.

*Early Efforts of our Hero's Genius.*

JOHN's attachment to the harp of David Williams inspired him with a desire for being taught a few easy tunes by so great a master. In this ambition he was warmly encouraged by his grandfather, who considered it as the unequivocal characteristic of a true De Lancaster, and boldly predicted that he would rapidly advance to hereditary celebrity on that ancient and noble instrument.

Upon this occasion we should have been sorry if De Lancaster had failed to recollect, that both Hercules and Alexander condescended to take lessons on

the harp, tho' the former broke his masters head with his own instrument, and the latter insisted upon his privilege of striking the wrong string, whenever it suited him better than the right. Robert therefore found it necessary to caution his grandson against copying those boisterous scholars, and strictly enjoined him to give close attention to the instructions of his master, after the example of the Cretan youths, who were universally educated in music, and remarkably obedient to their teachers.

John accordingly sate down with eagerness for the undertaking, and in point of diligence few Cretans could have exceeded him; but when unexpected difficulties began to stare him in the face, and every lesson seemed to increase those difficulties, his ardour cooled and despair possessed him wholly. David

Williams at length pronounced *ex cathedrá*, that his pupil had positively no genius for the instrument ; the case was hopeless, and the harp was laid aside.

I am sorry for it, said the grandfather, but I am myself no performer on the harp, though a lover of its melody, and sure I am that no man can possess a spirit prepared to meet the vicissitudes of fortune with equanimity and calmness, unless his passions have been disciplined by music. Let the boy's genius therefore be watched, and, if it points to any other instrument, indulge him.

Shortly after the promulgation of this edict the musical propensities of the discarded harper began to shew themselves in a very different character, and he now conceived a passion for performing on the trumpet.

Be it so ! said the grandfather ; it proves at least his spirit has a martial cast.

Colonel Wilson was now returned, and heard with infinite delight the story of the dead soldier, told by Cecilia so greatly to the credit of his darling boy John ; but when his friend De Lancaster told him with an air of triumph of his reigning passion for the trumpet, he treated it as a jest, and ridiculed the idea. Disappointed by this reception, and somewhat piqued, De Lancaster was determined to stand to his defences, and that Wilson, who had arraigned the trumpet, should be doomed to hear the trumpet's advocate.

Sir, said he, you will permit me to remind you, that the trumpet is an ancient and a venerable instrument. If it be said that the walls of the city of Thebes



were raised by the lute of Amphion, we have better authority for believing that the walls of Jericho were thrown down by the trumpets of the Israelitish Priests.

I hope, replied Wilson, the trumpet of my friend John will not be quite so efficacious. If the castle tumbles down with the blast, we may chance to be buried in its ruins.

Wilson had better have left this skit alone, for his friend was at no time guilty of giving his hearers too little information, and he was just now put upon his mettle to discuss the merits of the insulted trumpet under its three denominations according to the respective characters, in which the ancients employed, and have described it. The first of these, he told him, was the *tuba*, or straight trumpet, properly so called : the second was the *lituus*, or shrill-

toned trumpet, curved at the extremity : the third and last the *cornuus*, or deep-toned horn, of natural conformation, curved throughout : of these the chief was the *tuba* first named, which he informed him was unknown to the Greeks, though not to Homer, who did not employ it in his battles, knowing it was not then in use.

He was right in not doing so, said Wilson ; but if he had done otherwise, I, for one, should never have found him out.

Whether Wilson imagined that his friend had done with his trumpets it is impossible to say, but it is very easy to believe that he was not aware how many he had in petto, for he seemed astonished when given to understand, that there were not less than six different sorts of the tuba, as classed by Eustathius into

that of the Athenians, invented by Minerva ; the Egyptian trumpet, contrived by Osiris, and employed in their sacrifices ; the trumpet of the Gauls, with a peculiar mouthpiece, of a shrill tone, and by them called Carynx ; the Paphlagonian trumpet, mouthed like a bull and very deep-toned ; that of the Medes, blown with a reed, also of a deep tone, and lastly, the Tyrrhenian trumpet, extremely acute and high-pitched in conformity to which it is supposed the Romans modelled their's.

Scarcely was this edifying dissertation finished, when the hall resounded with a blast, loud enough, it should seem, to shake its aged banners into tatters : Wilson hastened to the scene of action, and found his friend John under the tuition not of any of the great masters above-mentioned, but of a puppet-show man,

who travelled the country, and recommended himself by the strength, rather than by the sweetness, of his tones. This gentleman, who had just recruited his lungs with an emollient dose of sweet Welch ale, blew with might and main in return for the hospitality he had received, and doubtless for the honour of the corps he belonged to. The Goddess Fame never gave a louder crack for the best favourite she had, though he were standing at her back, and, like the bellows-blower of an organ, had pumped breath into her lungs to let the people hear his own good deeds. The performer, who was an adept in more arts than one, had just then played a somerset, to the great delight of his pupil John, and was standing on his hands with his heels erect in the air, when Mrs. Elizabeth Wood entering the hall, and seeing a

pair of human legs in an attitude so totally irreconcilable to her idea of the proper place, which human legs ought to hold in society, uttered, as in duty bound, a most violent scream, and in the same breath announced an order for silencing that horrid trumpet; it had nearly thrown her lady into fits. That ancient and venerable instrument, (so called by Mr. De Lancaster) was accordingly for ever laid aside, and Scaramouch was fain to make his retreat without sound of trumpet; but as he could tumble, conjure and shew tricks, that would give no offence to the nervous system of the lady above stairs, it is probable that both the ladies and gentlemen below stairs suffered him to entertain them before he left the castle; and as he very politely invited them to be present at the opening of his theatre in

the village, when Punch and his company would present them with the entertaining interlude of the Rape of the Sabines, with appropriate screamings by the ladies concerned in the representation, it is presumed, that not a few of them were prevailed upon to be present at that interesting exhibition.

The shock, that Mrs. De Lancaster had recieved, was by no means feigned. She had now become a confirmed hypochondriac, and great alarm was sounded forth by Mr. Llewellyn of an approaching decay, that he endeavoured to stem by an unceasing course of medicines, which if they had suited her case, were certainly not sparingly administered; but, as she regularly grew worse and worse, it occasioned some to doubt whether they had even the merit of being innocently neutral.

Thus ended the second abortive effort of our hero's genius in the musical department. Not totally discouraged, but cautious of annoying his unhappy mother, he now betook himself to the humble Jew's-harp, whose sibilous strains by long practice and unwearied assiduity he so contrived to modulate and diversify, as obtained for him the reputation, amongst the servants at least, of executing some of the familiar Welch airs in a style, that seemed the very echo of David Williams's harp.

For this small accomplishment he was indebted to his genius only : There were however other arts, in which he exercised himself under tuition. By the favour of the gamekeeper he became an expert shooter at a mark, and, since Colonel Wilson had returned, he put himself under the command of his servant,



a disabled veteran, who taught him to perform all the motions of the manual and platoon so correctly, that the effects of this discipline soon became conspicuous in the firmness of his step, and the uprightness of his carriage.

When report was made to De Lancaster of his grandson's wonderful performances on the Jew's-harp, he expressed more joy on the occasion than the meanness of the instrument seemed to merit, and immediately signified his pleasure, that the young minstrel should be summoned to the dinner-room, where he was then sitting with Colonel Wilson, and at the same time ordered the servant to bring the harp after him, for that he would himself witness his performance.

When the servant had gone out to find the performer, the old gentleman

intimated to Wilson, that he hoped he would have his harp put in order before he brought it with him, as he did not greatly relish the ceremony of tuning—I confess, added he, I am curious to see the construction of this Jewish harp; though I dare say it is the harp with crooked arms, described by Hyginus, and played upon with the plectrum, which I am bold to affirm was the practice of king David.

To all this Wilson maliciously made no other reply, but that he believed the harp had crooked arms.—I was sure of it, said De Lancaster. Upon the word, young John came in, and being asked where his harp was, immediately applied it to his lips, and began to twang it in his very best manner. In the name of wonder, exclaimed De Lancaster, what

is the boy about? Is he playing on the plectrum? No, cried he, I am going to give you Shenkin.

He went on, and the grandfather heard him out, charmed into silence by the novelty and ingenuity of the performance. When he had played the air, which he did with great correctness of imitation, in the style of David Williams, the old gentleman, turning to him with a smile, said—Well, my good boy, you have done your part, and though your harp, I confess, has disappointed me, your art has made up for it. This is the first time I ever knew the harp was a wind instrument, and if the Jews have the credit of inventing your machine, you have the credit of making music out of it. Then, addressing himself to Colonel Wilson, he observed, that the exact manner, in which he had imitated the style of David

Williams, brought to his recollection Ælian's anecdote of the famous Polygnotus of Thasos, whose magnificent paintings were so correctly copied in miniature by Dionysius of Colophon, as to preserve the whole spirit and excellence of the original in all its due proportions, though upon the smallest scale. Having examined the Jew's harp, he observed, that this was one more instrument than he had ever seen, or heard of before, and asked who taught him. Upon his replying that he had taught himself, he turned to Wilson with an air of triumph, and said—This proves what I have always maintained, that nature is the best instructress.

In some things perhaps, said the Colonel. I presume, not in all.

I am not sure, said De Lancaster, that exception should be made of any. John

had a master for the harp: he made nothing of it: he takes up that paltry scrap of iron, and makes admirable music. Such is the difference betwixt the natural emanations of genius, and the laboured efforts, that are extorted from the pupil by the lessons of a teacher.

John, who probably foresaw something coming forward, which he was not interested to partake of, now stepped up to his grandfather, and asked leave to ride over to Glen-Morgan, and pass a day there.—Why to pass a day?—Because he would go over to Denbigh, and execute a little commission, which the poor soldier on his death-bed had requested him to fulfil.—Of what nature was that commission?—Simply to deliver a little token to the daughter of Captain Jones, which that officer had entrusted to the care of his faithful servant the soldier,

but which the poor fellow did not live to execute.—What was the little token he was to carry?—Pray, don't ask me that, said the youth, and above all things don't let my mother know a word about the matter. It would be very much to the honour of the poor soldier, if I told you all; but I hope you won't require me to do that.—On no account, replied De Lancaster, will I make any such demand upon you. If you will take my coach, 'tis at your service; if you had rather ride, let Ben the groom attend you, and give your orders accordingly.

John took the hand of his grandfather, kissed it, nodded with a smile to the colonel, and hastened out of the room.

You have a treasure in that noble boy, said Wilson; but I hope, my good friend, he will not be suffered to go on.

any longer without education, because he can play upon the Jew's-harp without a master. Don't be offended with me, if I seem to step out of my office, when I speak to one of your great knowledge in the learned languages, but I presume you hardly can expect your grandson to understand Greek and Latin, unless he has a teacher.

Perhaps not, replied De Lancaster ; yet, if it were so to happen, it would not be the first wonder of the sort, that hath come to pass. It is well known what prodigies of learning have started up into notice, even in their infant years, and possessed themselves of arts, sciences and languages, without being ever put into the trammels of a teacher.

Indeed ! cried the colonel.

Assuredly, replied the assertor, though it may not have fallen in your way to be



certified of the fact. I could, if necessary, adduce a host of witnesses to attest the wonders, that have been effected by the human genius, unassisted with instruction ; but as your profession, Colonel Wilson, has probably occupied too much of your attention to allow of your turning your thoughts to enquiries of this cast, the things I might relate of Lipsius, of Quirino, Alphonsus Tostatus and many others of equal celebrity might appear to you incredible.

Very likely, interjected the colonel.

Yet are they, every one, supported by irrefragable authorities. The mind of man, my friend, is in itself a miracle, and persons, who have been predestined to extraordinary occasions, have been born under extraordinary circumstances, as was the case with Luther, who, whilst he was yet an infant at the breast,

maintained a Latin thesis against the Pope's infallibility, which gave rise to the saying, that he sucked in controversy with his mother's milk.

My very good and learned friend, said Wilson, that you have somewhere crossed upon this idle legend, amongst the boundless mass of books that you have consulted I am well persuaded; but that you will commit your excellent understanding by stating it in serious proof of the question we are upon I am loth to suppose. When I believe your account of Luther's coming into the world with a square cap and gown, I will believe his thesis at the breast, and, when I believe that, I will not dispute the story of the prolific lady, who was delivered of three hundred and sixty-five children at a birth.

I dare say you will not dispute it, re-

joined De Lancaster, when you hear the evidences for the truth of it. The prolific lady, you allude to, was the Countess Herman of Henneberg, daughter of Count Floris, Earl of Holland, Zealand and Friesland, and son of William of Holland, first of that name; Floris was treacherously slain by the old Earl of Clermont at a public triumph, and left behind him this daughter Margaret, who married the aforesaid Count Herman of Henneberg. She, despising the petition of a poor widow, who with twins at her breast asked charity, gave her very reproachful words withal; whereupon the widow, falling on her knees, appealed to Heaven in vindication of her innocency, and earnestly prayed, that as she had conceived and brought forth those two infants lawfully by her husband, even so, if ever that lady should be pregnant,

she might be visited with as many children at a birth as there were days in the year. Not long after, the lady conceived, and went into Holland to visit the earl her brother, taking up her abode in the abbey of religious women at Leyden, where on the Friday before Palm Sunday in the year 1276 she was delivered of three hundred and sixty-five children, the one half being sons and the other daughters, but the odd babe was double-sexed. They were all baptised by Guydon, suffragan to the bishop of Utrecht, who named all the sons John, and the daughters Elizabeth, but what name he gave to the odd child, said De Lancaster with much gravity, I must own to you I do not find recorded.

John-Elizabeth for a certainty, said the Colonel. It may be so, resumed the narrator; but I hazard no conjec-

tures, I only detail facts. They were however no sooner baptised than they all died, and the mother likewise. Their two baptismal basins are still preserved, and have been by me seen and examined in the said church at Leyden, together with the inscription on the Countess's tomb in Latin and in Dutch, the former beginning thus—*Margareta, Comitiss Hennebergiæ uxor, et Florentii Hollandiæ et Zelandiæ filia, &c. &c.* Underneath is the following distich, the first line of which has been some how or other curtailed of its proper metrical proportion, as you will perceive—

—*En tibi monstrosum et memorabile factum,  
Quale nec a mundi conditione datum.*

Here Robert De Lancaster, having closed his narrative, turned a look upon his friend, that seemed to appeal to him

for his judgment on the case. The colonel made no reply, and it may be presumed that the appellant set down his silence to the score of his conviction.

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## CHAPTER II.

### *Our Hero's Visit to Amelia Jones.*

JOHN and old Ben, carrying his personals in a pair of saddle bags, were on their way to Glen-Morgan the next morning before sun-rise. Ben was an excellent guide across Welch moors and mountains, and did not confine himself to the roads, that were in use, but had the art of steering to his point with great œconomy of time and distance. It was a gleam of joy to poor old Morgan to behold his grandson, for he was

fond and John was affectionate. Every body in the house ran to pay him their respects: the green and red liveries were taken off their pegs, and dinner was served up in state as to the heir-apparent. The parson, lawyer and apothecary were in their places, the old butler in gala, and Mrs. Richards with her attendant housemaids in high requisition.

After an early breakfast the next morning John set off for Denbigh, and presented himself at the door of Mrs. Jennings, who received him with all possible courtesy: when informed of the matter he was charged with, and of his wish to see Amelia, she was summoned, and ready at the call, ran down stairs, and was instantly in the room: upon seeing a stranger, she stopped short, fixed her eyes upon him and made a curtsey:



John rose, bowed, and seized at once with admiration and surprise, (not expecting to be encountered by an object of such striking beauty) seemed to have lost all recollection of his errand, and stood as if he had no other business but to gaze in silence. As the embarrassment was now becoming reciprocal, Mrs. Jennings thought it was high time to remind him of the commission he had imparted to her. Having lost the words, with which he meant to preface the delivery of the little packet, he produced it at once, and having delivered it to Amelia, endeavoured to relate what it was, and how he came by it. His narrative was not very distinctly given, and as soon as he perceived the effect it was likely to produce, he stopped short, and looked to Mrs. Jennings for relief. The lovely girl received it with a trem-

bling hand, and whilst she murmured out her thanks, opened the packet, snatched a momentary glance upon the relique it contained, and would have sunk upon the floor, had not John eagerly interposed, and throwing himself on one knee, supported her in his arms, her head reclining on his shoulder.

When she had recovered, Amelia followed by Mrs. Jennings left the room, and John remained in solitary meditation for a few minutes, till the lady of the house returned and made the joint apologies of Amelia and herself for having left him so abruptly. As soon as he was certified that there was no further cause for alarm, he began to describe to Mrs. Jennings how much he was enchanted and surprised by the uncommon beauty of her lovely charge, who, when he had prepared himself to see a little

girl running into the room, had presented herself to him with all the graces of a finished woman, elegant in her manners and charming in her person.

Perhaps, said Mrs. Jennings, you were not aware that my poor orphan is but two years younger than yourself. As to the beauty, which you are pleased to notice, I rather think it is more a promise than an actual possession ; but of her more essential good qualities I can confidently speak ; for a better disposition, greater modesty of nature and benevolence of heart I never yet contemplated in human creature. To these virtues she was born ; these at least, poor child, she inherits from her parents, and I think that portrait fronting you, which you are now looking at, conveys no slight impression of an amiable and noble character ; it is a striking like-

ness of her father, taken by an eminent artist, who was a visitor at Glen-Morgan, when Captain Jones passed a few days with your grandfather, before his embarking for the West Indies, which I well remember he did on the very day that you were born at Kray Castle.

And to the very day, on which I cease to live, exclaimed our hero, raising his voice, and directing his eyes to the portrait, I swear I will devote myself to the protection of his orphan daughter. Unhappy, gallant man ! I have his history from his faithful soldier. Would he could hear me ! I almost can believe he does ; for mark, how tenderly his eyes are turned upon me. Ah sweet Amelia, what I may be I know not, but yours in every faithful service I shall be. Our first acquaintance has commenced

in sorrow ; Heaven grant, it may grow up and ripen into joy.

This said, he turned his eyes from the picture, and behold they lighted on Amelia, standing by his side. Surprised, confused, and doubting whether he beheld a vision or reality, he threw his arms about her, clasped her to his heart, and in his transport pressed his glowing lips upon her blushing cheek. Then rushing to the door—Pardon me, he cried—and vanished with love's arrow in his heart.

Ah madam, ah my friend, exclaimed the trembling girl, succour me, save me, or I am undone. . If this young heir of two such rich and ancient families does not at once resolve never to waste a thought on me, what will become of me? What will his grandfather, whose bread I eat, what will his mother say? The

house of De Lancaster will rise against me, and I must fly to labour for my living, or involve you in my ruin.

It is even so, my child, and you discern your danger rightly. He is a noble, generous youth, but he never can be yours in any time to come, and you must cautiously avoid him. As for what passed just now, you must think no more of it. Young spirits, taken by surprise, will break out unawares, and you must forgive him.

Forgive him ! cried Amelia ; yes, it is easy to forgive him, but when shall I be able to forget him ? Never.

Whilst this conversation was carrying on, a note was delivered to Mrs. Jennings, in which she read as follows.—

“ Madam,

“ I cannot leave this place till you

assure me that Miss Jones has recovered from the alarm, which my inconsiderate conduct was the cause of, and that I have not offended past forgiveness.

I have the honour to be, &c.

“John De Lancaster.”

To this Mrs. Jennings instantly returned the following answer—

“Sir,

You have given no offence to Amelia Jones, but as you know the delicacy, that is due to a destitute young orphan in her dependant situation, I am sure your sensibility will remind you how necessary it will be for her peace, and how consistent with your honour, to leave her in her obscurity, and suffer me to hope this interview will be the last.

“&c. &c.”



## CHAPTER III.

*Business, long postponed, is at length concluded to the Satisfaction of all Parties.*

WE have before observed, that opposition of opinions made no breach in friendship between the worthy parties, who were in the habit of carrying on the debates, that occurred at Kray Castle. In the first place it is not certain that Robert De Lancaster was in all cases tenacious of his argument merely from conviction of its strength, but partly perhaps from attachment to it for its singularity, and the occasion it afforded him oftentimes of displaying that fund of philological erudition, which he indisputably possessed: in the second place, it is not to be denied, that whenever he was absolutely convinced of

the opinion he defended, he was not apt to think the worse of it, because his friend Wilson could not be brought to adopt it.

As his researches had chiefly carried him to those authorities, of which the classical scholar takes no account, so by arming himself with them in the lists of controversy, he fought with weapons, and made left-handed thrusts, that even literary men could rarely parry, and Colonel Wilson never. So equipped, he could lay down a proposition, which nobody would dispute, and draw inferences from it which nobody could admit: but let this be considered rather as an exercise of his ingenuity, than as a defect in his understanding.

Colonel Wilson, who loved the man, and understood his character, saw with

infinite regret his indecision as to the education of his grandson, whose strong natural understanding demanded cultivation, and whose handsome person was now ripening into early manhood. Edward, the younger son of Colonel Wilson had now left the university, having obtained every honour, that either his classical or academical exercises could procure for him. He had been ordained deacon, and was now of age to take priest's orders. He also contemplated our neglected hero with compassionate regret, and had taken up a very favourable impression both of his talents and disposition. He thought with his father on the side of public education in general, but he did not consider himself upon those terms with Mr. De Lancaster, which would warrant him to

volunteer any opinion upon the subject.

The opportunity, which he did not venture to seek, one day presented itself, when De Lancaster, sitting after dinner, addressed himself to the colonel, and said—I believe I am aware of most of the arguments, that are usually adduced in favour of a public school, and am so far from questioning the good sense of those parents, who make that system of education their choice, that I could almost admit, that out of a hundred cases it is the wisest course, which can be taken in ninety and nine : the only question with me is, whether mine be not exactly that single exception. If I wished to cherish in my grandson's heart that early spirit of emulation, which might urge him to the pursuits of fame and fortune in either of the liberal professions, a public school would

be the proper nursery for his ambition ; but that is not my wish. If he can creditably support the independent station, which his ancestors have held for many generations past, I aim at nothing more ; and surely, when I admit that public schools are the fittest nurseries for public characters, I may be allowed to say that private education is properest for those, who are destined to fill private stations. If John De Lancaster survives to be the owner of Kray-Castle (which Heaven grant ! ) I hope he will there establish his abode, and be found the protector of merit, the friend of his tenants and the father of the poor. He might do this without the help of any of the heathen writers, either Greeks or Romans ; but I don't wish to exclude them ; a gentleman should not be unacquainted with them ; though I am painfully and penitently convinced

he may bestow too large a portion of his time upon them. Plutarch in his treatise, that Grotius has prefixed to his edition of Stobæus, debates the question how young students are to read the poets, to what extent and under what exceptions: It is a heavy and Bœotian work, that talks of many things, and teaches nothing. In this country we manufacture our children, male and female, and by the labour of the workman attempt to give them all the same polish, let the materials they are composed of be ever so inert and heavy. Nobody taught the nightingale to sing, yet every foolish father and mother conceive they can teach their jackdaw to carol like that heaven-born songstress. It is lost labour to manure and dress a soil, in which there is no principle of vegetation. This I trust is not the case with my grandson John:

He is a manly, sensible, honorable boy, and has given striking proof of a benevolent heart in his conduct towards the poor soldier, who died in my house ; this he did without instruction from his Horace or his Juvenal, and this perhaps he would not have had an opportunity of doing at a public school ; at all events I should not have had the opportunity of witnessing it. I therefore give my preference to a private and domestic education. Now, Mr. Edward Wilson, you, who are covered with laurels, worthily bestowed upon you by your venerable Alma Mater, if you think I am in error, convince me of my error, and you will not find me backward to retract my opinion and adopt a better.

To give my opinion, replied Edward Wilson, in a question of such magnitude would in all cases be presumptuous, but



to obtrude it in contradiction to your superior judgment would be unpardonable. Circumstanced however as your grandson is in point of age and understanding, I hold him so unfitted for a station at the very bottom of a public school, that even without adverting to the very strong motives, which you assign for education under your own eye, I answer without hesitation, that my sentiments perfectly agree and coincide with yours.

I am made very happy by your approbation, said De Lancaster, and now I must tell you, Mr. Wilson, that an event has been announced to me by this letter, which in one sense I must consider as a loss, in another as a gain. My loss is that of an old acquaintance and contemporary, the late Reverend Dr. Mathew Philips; my gain is the opportunity it affords me of tendering to you the benefice, which

he held by my gift—I perceive you are about to thank me, but I must request that neither you nor your father will oppress me on this occasion—for in making you this offer I do it from my firm persuasion of your fitness, and not merely through my friendship for your worthy father, which, great and sincere although it be, would never bias me against my conscience to commit the charge of souls into the hands of any man, of whose sufficiency I had cause to doubt. Spare yourselves therefore and me the needless ceremony of bestowing thanks, where in reality they are not due; for what would you say, if it should turn out, that I have an object in my view, which would at once convince you, that in serving you I have not overlooked myself?

Name the object, I beseech you, Sir, said Edward; and if you hold me

capable of the undertaking, command me !

I perceive you have anticipated my suit, resumed De Lancaster. John, my grandson, is as yet the only stay and support of an antient and not ignoble family. Your father has remonstrated with me on the subject of his neglected education. His motives were friendly, and he made them known : mine for my seeming negligence had reference to the event, which I knew to be impending, and has now come to pass, though I could not in delicacy impart it to him. It was the wish of my heart, dear Edward, to commit the education of my boy to you ; but I confess, such is my nature, and so am I constituted, that, until I had it in my power to confer a small favour upon you, I could not ask you to bestow a very great one upon me.

I am deeply sensible, said Edward, of the honour I derive from your good opinion, but I am also aware of the importance and difficulty of the undertaking. That I can teach your grandson Greek and Latin, if he is disposed to learn, there is little doubt ; but when I consider that amongst my many duties this perhaps will be the lightest, I must look to you for advice as to the system of education, which you would recommend me to pursue as we advance in what may be called the beaten track of school-learning. I confess to you I see no danger in those studies to the man of deep erudition, but much to the superficial and shallow scholar, for the morality of the heathen writers is not in all respects the morality of the gospel, and the philosophy of the Greeks is in no respect the religion of a christian.

Your observation, said De Lancaster, is perfectly just ; but as this is a subject that will require some fore-thought, I will turn it in my mind, and give you my opinion upon the first opportunity, that shall occur. Mr. Philip de Lancaster is now from home, and I think he should by all means be present at our discussion, that if he does not interest himself in what so materially concerns his son, he may at least be convinced that we do.

The topic being thus adjourned, their conversation turned to other subjects, not important to record.

## CHAPTER IV.

*Our young Hero accidentally meets Sir Arthur Floyd, and Mr. Philip De Lancaster visits a certain Lady at Penruth Abbey.*

IN the morning of the third day young John De Lancaster left Glen-Morgan, and set out on his return to Kray Castle. As he was passing through part of the grounds belonging to Sir Arthur Floyd, whose house was within sight from his road, he chanced to meet that gentleman, as he was taking his ride about his demesne. Sir Arthur accosted him with much civility, and advertng to the accident, that had befallen him in the field, when he was out with Sir Owen's hounds, expressed his concern for the unpleasant consequences that had ensued, and hoped it would not discourage him from coming out again,

I shall not easily be tempted to come out when Mr. David Owen is in the field.

I hope, returned the baronet, you do not consider it as a purposed injury on the part of that young gentleman.

I don't suppose the gentleman could exactly instruct the horse he rode to throw dirt in my face, and almost put my eyes out; but I am not obliged to the gentleman for looking back and laughing at me, when he discovered the condition I was in.

I trust, resumed Sir Arthur, he did not know the extent of the mischief he had done, and when he did know it, I hope he made those enquiries, which it behoved him to make in such a case.

I don't suppose, said John, Mr. Owen thought that necessary. He had enjoyed his joke, and was not curious to en-



quire how I had relished it—but I have simply answered your questions, Sir Arthur; when I have serious cause to resent Mr. Owen's treatment of me, I shall look to him only for redress.

I hope, young gentleman, said Sir Arthur gravely, you will not consider me as a busy body in this affair between you, for though my habits of intimacy are chiefly with the house of Owen, I have all possible respect for your worthy grandfather, and every one, that bears his name. If I seem to intrude upon you therefore with any further questions, believe me it is only in the hope of setting matters straight, which at present appear to be rather out of course, and accordingly I beg leave to ask you as to the truth of a report, that circulates about the neighbourhood respecting a poor distressed soldier, who

received charity from you at your house, and is said to have been very harshly treated at the abbey door, when supplicating for relief, by young Owen in person.

Such I believe to be the fact, was the answer.

It tells much to the dishonour of the party in question, that being the fact ; but if the soldier be still within reach, I hope you will allow me to tender you these few guineas for his use on the part of my young friend David Owen, as an atonement for his oversight.

A piece of bread and a draught of beer might have been of use, but the money is of none. The man is dead.

My God !—cried Sir Arthur ; turned a look of marked regard upon our hero, bowed and rode off.

Mr. Philip De Lancaster had of late stepped a little out of his non-elastic character, and been rambling from the castle every forenoon between the hours of breakfast and dinner. Nobody was curious to trace him in these excursions, but it could not fail to be discovered, that his visits were to the Spanish lady at the abbey house of Penruth. To say that Philip was in love with Mrs. Owen might be to mistake a habit for a passion ; he was in the habit of turning his poney's head abbey-ward, as soon as he had sallied from the castle-gate, and poney was in the habit of going on without any turn at all till he stopped at the aforesaid abbey door. When Philip dismounted, Mrs. Owen's lacquey was also in the habit of ushering him to his lady's sitting-room, where he silently

took his chair and his chance for being spoken to, when the lady was in the humour and at leisure to speak to him.

The first remark, that had ever dropped from Mr. De Lancaster with respect to Philip's absence, occurred in his discourse with the Wilsons about John's education, and it so happened that Mrs. Owen in her *tete à tete* that very morning had been rather more disposed to extort a conversation than was usual with her, when the following very interesting dialogue ensued.

I conclude, said the lady, that this extraordinary melancholy, which seems to hang eternally upon you, my good friend, can only be accounted for by your concern for Mrs. De Lancaster's dismal state of health and spirits.

Not at all, said Philip : that's not it.

What is it then? What in the name of wonder can it be?

I can't tell. It comes of its own accord.

I don't know how to believe you. There must be some cause: as sure as can be you have caught the hip of your hypochondriac wife.

I have nothing to do with any hip of hers. I never go near her: that's agreed between us.

A happy release, if what I hear be true. Then you have no domestic troubles.

None at all: quite free.

Why then so gloomy? What annoys you, what possesses you so wholly, that you seem almost to have lost the very use of speech? Are you in love, my friend?

Not with my wife.

With any body else ?

With any body rather than with her.

With me, for instance—

Oh, with you sooner than with any body. I visit nobody but you.

True, but I thought you visited me from habit, not from liking.

I like you very much.

What shall I do to encrease your liking ?

Nothing. It encreases quite fast enough without your help.

Bless me ! That's lucky ; for to say the truth I have not been aware of it. But I am so surprised, and so flattered by it, that I would fain take some pains to cultivate so agreeable an impression.

You need not. There's no occasion to trouble yourself about it.

Should not I contrive to make myself a little younger ?

I don't wish it.

A good deal handsomer ?

It is not possible.

A great deal fairer ?

That would entirely spoil the beauty of your complexion.

Well ! that is charming. I protest you make me the politest speeches ; but alas ! they go for nothing. No woman of discretion should encourage the attachment of a man that's married.

I may not always be a married man.

That's true ; but then perhaps you'd change your tone.

Never.

Were I quite sure of that, I would not listen to Sir Arthur Floyd ; nor indeed to any body in Sir Owen's life time—but recollect we have each a son. What must we do with them ? They'll never set their horses up together. What is



the reason that they don't agree? I doubt your youngster is a little proud. Isn't it so?

I know nothing of him.

My David does not like him, I assure you. He says he is certain you are not his father.

I know nothing of that also.

He never speaks of him by the name of John De Lancaster; he calls him Jack Jones after the name of your wife's favourite lover Captain Jones, for whom she is so inconsolable.

Why now that's wonderful—I can't think how that secret could get out.

Secret, my friend! You are much mistaken if you think it is any secret. They say he is as like that Jones as ever son was like a father—but I am talking treason, and you must not betray me—

People you know will be censorious, and it is rather remarkable, that since Jones's death she has never added to your family stock.

There's nothing remarkable in that, if the talking people knew what they talked about.

Why certainly, were the case as they give out, one son of that sort is quite enough, and were I in your place I should be apt to think him one more than was welcome.

I am at no trouble about him. His grandfather and his aunt are at all the pains of spoiling him.

Not by overmuch education I should think. Begging the young gentleman's pardon, I take him to be a most egregious dunce.

Oh ! if you take him to be that, I

shall take him to be my own son. But with your leave we'll say no more about him.

Agreed ! Besides I know your time is nearly out. This however I must tell you in secret—Sir Owen's life is despaired of, and his whole estate is settled and entailed upon my son ; David will soon be of age, and probably I shall then have some other residence to seek. Your father I understand is in his seventy-fifth year, and your son in his fifteenth. A short time according to the course of nature may set us both free. In the mean time let me see you as frequently as you can contrive, and if I have been fortunate enough to make an impression on your heart, be assured you have interested mine no less ; and so long as you continue to persuade me that I am agreeable in your eyes, neither Sir Arthur

Floyd, nor any man, shall be other than indifferent to me.

Having said this, she reached out her hand, the gallant Philip pressed it to his lips, made his reverence, and departed.

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## CHAPTER V.

*Mr. De Lancaster descants upon the Duties of a Preceptor in the learned Languages.*

IT is probably in the reader's recollection, that De Lancaster in his last conversation with the Reverend Edward Wilson, had promised to collect his thoughts, and offer his opinion on the duties of a preceptor in the learned languages. There was little danger of his forgetting that promise, nor any likelihood of his being unprepared to execute it, for his mind was fully stored with all

the several systems of the Greek philosophers.

After breakfast the next morning he desired Philip to accompany him and the Wilsons, father and son, into his library. This was not exactly the thing, that Philip had meditated to do, but it was what he could not escape from. He was not however hooked without a small struggle to get free, for as soon as he understood it was to be a cabinet council on the topic of his son's education, he humbly moved for exemption on the plea of his entire acquiescence in his father's will and pleasure, modestly declaring that he did not hold himself entitled to form any opinion in the case—besides, he should be glad to take a little air, for his health's sake.

I hope, son Philip, said the old gentleman gravely, neither your health, nor

happiness, and give me leave to add—nor your honour can suffer, if you bestow one hour upon your duty to your son, even at the expence of your accustomed devoirs to the lady at the abbey.

This was answer quite enough for Philip, who walked doggedly into the lecture room, and took his seat in a corner of it, as far out of the reach of instruction or notice, as he could devise. Edward Wilson took the left hand seat by De Lancaster's arm-chair, and the colonel seated himself on the other side of the fire place, in front of the old gentleman; Philip, as I before observed, falling into the back-ground, and behind his father.

After two or three preparatory hums, like the tap of the first fiddle, as a signal for attention, De Lancaster commenced his harangue, as follows—Mr. Edward

Wilson, I address myself to you in particular, because what you remarked at the close of our late conversation is perfectly in my recollection, and convinces me, that my opinions can only tend to confirm what your own judgment and observation have pointed out. I am now assured, that when you commit your pupil to the reading of those heathen authors, whose writings yet exist, though their languages be dead, you will not suffer his principles to come into collision with theirs, till they are fundamentally and firmly established upon faith in revelation; for where that does not reach, all must be error, seeing that the human understanding, how acute so ever, cannot upon mere conjecture account for the operations of divine wisdom unless by the aid of a divine communication. All, who with-



out that aid have attempted to discuss the question of *first causes*, have puzzled and perplexed themselves and others. A sound scholar can readily confute their systems; a shallow one, as you well observed, may be entangled by their subtilities. In short, they are at the best but blind guides; most of them are mischievous logicians, and many of them systematic atheists; for collect their several tenets, and I am warranted to say you shall find they are all to be classed, either amongst those, who hold the world to be eternal both as to matter and form, or those, who hold the matter to be eternal, whilst the form is not. You are no doubt aware, that neither Aristotle nor Plato admit a creation of the world, or acknowledge any time when it was not: Aristotle maintaining that it was an eternal and neces-

sary emanation from the divine nature ; Plato, that it was an eternal and voluntary effect. Now if what God must have willed from all time he must from all time have done, where is the distinction betwixt Plato's volition and Aristotle's necessity ? In these opinions are to be found all the component parts of modern atheism. The monstrous system of Spinosa is principally to be traced in the doctrines of the Eleatic school, of which Xenophanes was the founder ; he was succeeded by Parmenides, Melissus and Zeno of Elea : his doctrines, which were delivered in verse and with great obscurity, were adopted by Hilpo and the Megaric philosophers, and these were supposed to be the eternity and immutability of the world. Strato of Lampsacus, whom Plutarch calls the greatest of the Peripatetics, made

nature inanimate, and at the same time owned no God but nature. The Stoics had their dogma of the soul of the world; the Epicureans held that God is matter, or not distinct from matter; that all things are essentially God, that forms are imaginary accidents, which have no real existence, and that all things are substantially the same. I believe I need go no further with the Greek philosophers, for in these you have nearly the abstract amount of their opinions, and the sources of all modern infidelity. As for the cosmogonies of the Phœnicians, Egyptians and Babylonians, which derive the world from mechanical principles only, they are immediately inductive of atheism, as Eusebius of Cæsarea observes of Sanchoniatho, whose fragment he preserved, and Berosus of the Babylonian cosmogony, of which

nation he himself was. To the doctrines of Orpheus the theologer I have no objection ; with him your pupil will be safe. Hesiod is only fanciful. Of Thales the hylopathian, whose principle of things was water, I should doubt whether he was theist or atheist ; but of his scholar Anaximander no doubt can be entertained ; his system is professedly atheistical ; the same principle descends and may be traced through Anaximenes, Anaxagoras and Diogenes of Apollonia, in a word, through all the masters of the Ionic school. Turn to Leucippus and Democritus, to Epicurus and all, who held the doctrine of atoms, what do you discover but the blindest ignorance and the grossest atheism ? As for their celebrated physician Hippocrates, who, following the example of Hippasus and Heraclitus the obscure, held heat or fire

to be immortal and omniscient, in one word God himself, I can only say it would have been safer to have taken his physic than his philosophy—but I have too long intruded on your patience, and forbear the rest.

When Edward Wilson perceived that De Lancaster had done speaking, being unable to discover how this harangue could be brought into use for any present purpose, and conceiving himself not called upon to say that he would not put a pupil to read the Greek philosophers, who had not yet read the first leaf of his Latin grammar, he bowed and was silent. Philip sate with his hands upon his knees in the attitude of a hearer, and seemed employed upon a very close examination of his boots, as if in search of information from them; but they knew just as much, and no more, of the

subject than he himself did.—I wonder why I was called in to hear all this, he said to himself, who know no more what he has been talking about than if he had expressed himself in the Hebrew language. The colonel on the contrary was under no reserve, but turning to De Lancaster, said, I cannot doubt, my good sir, but that all, which you have been saying, would be excellent advice to a student far advanced in his knowledge of the learned languages, but in the instance of my friend John I presume the time, when it can apply to him, lies yet at a considerable distance.

You are right, replied De Lancaster, and therefore as I cannot expect to say it then, I take the liberty to say it now.

The man, whose ridicule could not have been disarmed by the candour of this temperate reply, must have had a



heart very differently made from that of Colonel Wilson ; and as for Edward he immediately found his voice, and was liberal of his thanks for the instruction he had received. I shall hardly expect, he said, to do more for my pupil, than to make him acquainted with some of the best and purest classics, so as to form his taste, and qualify him to take his part in those circles, in which he ought to be found : But if he should contract a passion for literature, I shall bear in mind what you have been inculcating, and hope it will be my good fortune to find his understanding stored with such defences, as no false reasoning shall be likely to undermine. This object will be ever nearest to my heart, and as I am sure I have an excellent disposition to work upon, I trust your grandson will grow up, if God gives him



life, to be an honour to his name and nation.

I am satisfied, said De Lancaster, and have not another word to offer.

That is lucky, quoth Philip, as his father walked out of the room ; for I am yet in time to take my ride. This was overheard by Colonel Wilson, and provoked him to say to Philip—If you are going to take your usual ride to the Abbey, I hope you will recollect by the way your obligations to a father, the matter of whose discourse may have seemed tedious to you, but whose motive being zeal for the welfare of your son, ought to be held in honour and respect.

## CHAPTER VI.

*Mr. De Lancaster proposes to revive certain ancient Modes of curing Diseases.*

A PROJECT had been conceived by Mr. De Lancaster for calling together an assembly of the chief neighbouring minstrels on Saint Cecilia's day, in which he had the double purpose of patronizing that ancient British instrument, which he had so much at heart, and at the same time paying a side-way compliment to his daughter, named after that harmonious saint.

Great preparations were now going forward for celebrating that musical festival (which was a kind of revival of the ancient eisteddfods) with becoming splendour. Invitations had been circulated to all the neighbouring gentry; notices were dispersed over the country

for assembling the most celebrated harpers, and David Williams was warmly engaged in making daily libations of metheglin to propitiate his muse for that grand occasion.

The castle hall in the mean time resounded with the hammers of the workmen, employed in erecting a stage for the minstrels, and in fitting up seats and benches for the company. The banners were overhauled, taken down and cleaned, and a great display of these and warlike weapons was disposed in groups and trophies under the direction of Colonel Wilson. Cecilia's province was to superintend supplies, and adapt the several entertainments to the several degrees of guests, to whom they were allotted.

Philip De Lancaster still maintained his natural tranquillity, though from some cause, or it might be from none,

he had abated of the frequency of his visits to the abbey. He gave himself however no trouble in a business perfectly indifferent to him: the utmost stretch of his exertions went no further than to the making of an artificial fly for angling in a stream, where there were no trout, and Wilson had but little time to spare for chess. Two qualifications Philip had to boast of; the one was that of being an excellent and unwearied hearer, so long as any other person would take the trouble of talking; the other, that of an everlasting sleeper, provided nobody would put him to the trouble of waking. Between these two happy properties he could dispose both of day and of night passably well.

His lady in the meanwhile contrived to fill up her hours with sighs and groans, which were echoed back to her in groans

and sighs by sympathizing Betty. Cecilia visited her at leisure times ; her son occasionally, when called for, and her husband by her desire very rarely, and of his own accord never. Llewellyn was in regular attendance and full confidence ; he pronounced her case to be atrabilious and hypochondriac in an extreme degree, and as there could be no doubt of his being right in deciding on the nature of her complaint, it seemed rather unlucky that he was so unsuccessful in removing it. As far however as the frequency of attendances and repetition of medicines went, Mr. Llewellyn was clear in conscience.

One evening, whilst the Colonel and Squire Philip were engaged at chess, and De Lancaster was tracing out for the edification of Edward Wilson the route of Solomon's ships to Ophir for

gold, Llewellyn came into the room to announce his bulletin of the patient above stairs. Philip's game was lost, and he had quitted the field; the colonel put the chess-board by, and all ears were open to the report, of which the sage's countenance augured nothing favourable. The question was put to him by more than one, the answer was—The lady my patient is by no means as I could wish her.—Then I am afraid, observed the colonel, she is by no means well.

I hope that does not absolutely follow, said De Lancaster.

She is extremely ill, repeated Llewellyn—She is incurable, cried Philip with an emphasis and in a tone above his usual pitch.

I think not, replied the father.

She is the most decided hypochon-

driac I ever met with, resumed the man of medicine.

Pooh ! repeated De Lancaster, if my daughter-in-law has no other complaint than what is caused by melancholy humours and impeded circulation, she may be cured at once ; the remedy is immediate.

Why ; what should cure her ? demanded the colonel.

That, which alone can heal the mind and its diseases, said De Lancaster ; music.

Whuh ! cried Llewellyn, (whistling out his admiration and contempt in an under-note, not meant to reach the ears of the old gentleman) This is a new discovery in medicine, and one more than the dispensary has yet taken notice of.

Pardon me, resumed De Lancaster, it is no new discovery, but the very doc-



trine held by Theophrastus, Aristoxenus and by Pythagoras himself; the last of whom depended almost entirely on the flute or flagelet for the expulsion of melancholy; and, as I am no dealer in assertions without authorities, I shall take the liberty of quoting the very words of Martianus Capella in his ninth book, which to Mr. Edward Wilson at least I have no doubt will be familiar, and these they are—*Pythagorei enim, ferociam animi tibiis aut fidibus mollientes, docuerunt cum corporibus adhærere nexum fœdus animarum.* In this practice however I must beg leave slightly to differ from the Pythagoreans, and recommend the harp or lyre in preference, forasmuch as these were the proper instruments of Apollo, the god of healing, whereas the flute or flagelet belonged to Tritonia, whose attributes we all know were of a

different description. Let me however do Pythagoras the justice to acknowledge, that he recommends the lute also as a sedative in the paroxysms of rage and anger.

Here the colonel interposed, by observing, that what effect a flute, or a lute, or a flagelet might have upon the passions of mankind he could not pretend to say, but he apprehended neither one nor the other could have any thing to do with their diseases, and to this Llewellyn assented with a significant nod of approbation. De Lancaster had now got amongst his sophists and grammarians, and committed himself much too far to halt upon a nod ; he proceeded therefore as follows—

Whilst there subsists a sympathy between the senses and the soul, the intellectual remedy for man must be sought

for in harmony. All the nations under heaven, whether civilized or not, have borne witness to the powers and effects of music. The Mariandyni, a wild people inhabiting the confines of Bithynia, made their national music from pipes, which they formed of the reeds, that grew upon the borders of the lake Acherusia. The pipe was also the favourite of those mountain shepherds of Bœotia, called Aonians ; whilst the Egyptians with more ingenuity struck out the complex instrument called Pandura, which was composed of no less than seven pipes.

We have in our practice, said Llewellyn, an instrument with one pipe, but I can't for my soul conceive the use, that can be made of seven.

It was doubtless an instrument of no inconsiderable difficulty to the performer, replied De Lancaster gravely.

I should not chuse to perform upon it, said the apothecary.

The good old gentleman was in the high road of philology, and kept steadily on—The characters of nations, said he, are to be traced in the different characters of their warlike instruments. The Cretans marched in compact and orderly phalanx to the solemn sound of the harp: the Lacedemonians rushed into battle to the high-pitched screaming notes of the shrill-toned fife; whilst the effeminate Sybarites would not move without the soft accompaniment of their melodious flutes.

But which of all these instruments, said the colonel, is to cure Mrs. De Lancaster?

Refer that question to Asclepiades, replied De Lancaster, and he will answer you; Asclepiades will tell you, when the

citizens of Prusa were in actual insurrection, and the city on the point of being laid in ashes, how he contrived to appease the tumult, and sent them all to their homes in peace.

But Mrs. De Lancaster is at home already, said Llewellyn, and peaceable enough, Heaven knows. How does the case of these rioters apply to her?

The colonel saw his friend was staggered, and handsomely turned out to his relief—It is impossible, he said, to foresee what turn a case may take, therefore it is well to be armed against accidents. I should be glad if our good friend would tell us how it was that Asclepiades, whom I have no means of resorting to, contrived to disperse the mob of incendiaries at Prusa.

By a song, replied the old gentleman; he dispersed them by the sweet and

soothing melody of a pathetic strain, which assuaged their fury, and lulled them into peace, as an obstreperous child (for men are only children of a larger growth) is hushed to sleep by the humming of its nurse.

I am perfectly satisfied, said the colonel.

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## CHAPTER VII.

*Mr. Philip De Lancaster determines to adopt the Regimen recommended by his Father.*

THE decisive tone, with which Colonel Wilson, at the close of our last chapter, avowed his perfect satisfaction in De Lancaster's explanation of Asclepiades's receipt for quieting a mob, occasioned such a pause, as might very probably have put an end to this topic, had not the Reverend Edward Wilson availed

himself of the general silence to revive it. He had been closely attentive to the progress of this whimsical dissertation, and sensibly annoyed by the frequent interruptions it had met with, whereupon, having watched his opportunity, he said—Permit me to observe, that I, for one of Mr. De Lancaster's hearers, can never be perfectly satisfied so long as he shall be pleased to continue to us the gratification of a discourse, at once so new, and, to me at least, so highly entertaining and instructive. In several passages of it even my small share of reading enables me to recognize some of the authorities he has referred to, and I have no doubt but he is equally warranted in all others, where I am not able to follow him ; and allow me to remark, that if his information does not in every point apply to the particular case of the



hypochondriac lady, for whose recovery we are interested, yet even in those points of occasional aberration from the subject, there is matter well worthy of our attention, and I therefore hope Mr. De Lancaster will have the goodness to proceed with his dissertation on the effects of music, as recorded and attested by the ancient writers.

Reverend sir, said Robert De Lancaster, your remarks are at once so candid, and your request so flattering to me, that I will contract what I have further to say in such a manner as shall not weary you, and I will ground it upon such authorities as shall not mislead you. Damon, the Pythagorean philosopher, a man not less to be relied upon for his veracity, than for his friendship and fidelity, by the simple recitation of the spondean hymn allayed a drunken fray in

the streets of Syracuse, when raging at the height, in an instant, and as it were by magic.

And pray, said the colonel, what kind of composition was the spondean hymn ?

It was a hymn, replied De Lancaster, performed by the priests and minstrels in the heathen temples as a prelude to the ceremony of sacrifice, and it was called spondean, as consisting of such syllables only, which gives us to understand the solemn character of the composition, the object of which was to engage the attention, and conciliate the favour of their deities, whilst the incense was in operation.

If it could do that, said the colonel, and make dead idols serviceable, I can't wonder it should make drunken insurgents sober.

Sir—replied the expounder, (lengthening out the word into a note of something like asperity) You have not heard me out, else I should have told you, that ancient sages cured fevers, fits of melancholy, phrensy, nay, even bodily wounds, by the sanative and enchanting power of song. Who, that has but dipped into their remedies, can be ignorant, that soft airs, well executed on the flute, were found to be a never-failing cure for the sciatica, or hip-gout, as it is called? A host of witnesses conspire to testify to the truth of what I tell you. Can it have escaped the notice of any well-read scholar by what means Theophrastus found a remedy for every malady, every molestation, that could disorder and disturb the health and temperature of the human mind? Sir, he had an instrument appropriated to every mental com-

plaint, a pipe tuned to the pitch of every passion, high or low, flat or sharp. Xenocrates brought men stark mad to their senses. Thales of Crete drove away fevers, nay, even the plague itself, by music. Erophilus regulated the pulsation of the hearts of his patients by the cadences and time-keeping of his lyre.

We do that quite as correctly by our watches, said Llewellyn.

De Lancaster took no notice of this, but proceeded—Can you any longer wonder that the sage, who has made sympathy his study, and is versed in the science of these harmonious modulations and their respective energies, should effect those cures, which are recorded of them, and which, when explained and understood, are no longer hard to be believed? As for what is fabled of Amphion, Orpheus and others, who by the

united powers of music and legislative poetry succeeded in reforming and civilizing their barbarous contemporaries, I would not have you to suppose I cannot distinguish allegory from fact. In the same light I regard the account, which Suidas gives us of the philosopher Plato, who was reported to have been begotten of his mother in a vision by the melody of the harp of Apollo.

I should be inclined to doubt that, said the colonel.

Nay, resumed De Lancaster, there is no occasion to debate what nobody wishes you to believe. You cannot but perceive it is merely an allegorical compliment to the genius of that extraordinary person, whose deep researches into the mysterious theory of sounds and numbers having enabled him to speculate in a very ingenious manner upon the

doctrine of harmony, as connected with the movements of the celestial spheres, and also with the human soul even after death, was feigned to have been the very offspring of that harmony, which he developed and applied. These legends, and the like of these, I know how to appreciate, and with what latitude they are to be received ; at the same time I am not to be shaken in my confidence, when relying on the ancients, who studied music as a science, whilst we do little more than practise it as an art, and of course stand in the like relation to them as fiddlers do to philosophers. In short, my friends, it is not man alone that is the slave of harmony, but the whole brute creation also : if stags can be allured by the pipe ; if the fishes in the Alexandrian lake will surrender themselves to the song of the fisherman ; if the hyper-

borean swan, if the birds of the air, at once so fearful and so free ; nay, if even the wild elephant of India, and the ear-stricken inhabitants of the ocean, will yield themselves up to the minstrel, who will tell me, that a mere moping hypochondriac, like my poor daughter-in-law, might not be cured of her distempered fancy by the harp of David Williams ?

De Lancaster having closed his argument, and dismissed his witnesses, the audience broke up ; Llewellyn repaired to his patient, Edward Wilson to his pupil, and Philip whispered to the colonel, that he should be glad to have a few minutes talk with him in private. This was instantly complied with, and Philip opened the important conference, as follows—



I should wish to know, colonel, if you attended to what my father has been saying?

The colonel had attended.

I am glad of it, said Philip, for I was a little absent now and then, and have not carried much of it away. But do you believe all those wonderful things, that he has told us, about music?

I perfectly believe that your father has told nothing about music, but what he has vouchers for, though I don't know where to look for them.

Nor I neither, Heaven knows, said Philip, for I have no taste for music, nor can distinguish between one tune and another, except as it is either loud or soft: if it is the first, it deafens and distracts me; if the latter, it puts me to sleep. I don't suppose it is in the art of man

to teach me to sing or play a single tune, though it were to save my life.

That won't quite decide the question however, my good friend ; for music certainly can charm others, though it has no charms for you. What I have seen and witnessed I believe ; what I am told I pause upon. Martial music will animate martial men, and not them only, but the horses also, which they ride to battle : hounds are sensible to the shouts of the hunter, and the whole race of dogs to the voices of their masters : birds can be taught tunes, though you and I cannot, and there are doubtless great and extraordinary powers in musical sounds, though perhaps all that is said of those powers may not be exactly as it is stated.

I should suppose not ; for if I was to

believe that David Williams with his harp could cure my melancholy dame of her megrims, don't you think I ought in conscience to make the trial?

I think at least, friend Philip, that the trial would do her no harm; for if she did not like to hear his music, she could easily put a stop to it.

But suppose, colonel, that she should like to hear it; and suppose also for a moment it should have the same effect upon her as Apollo's harp had upon Plato's mother, whereabouts should I be with a whole nursery of harp-begotten brats to provide for, conscious at the same time that I had not touched a single string of the instrument?

That would be rather hard upon you I confess.

Lord love you, colonel, even worse

things than that might come to pass. I am very comfortable as I am, but who can tell what a few merry jigs upon the harp may do ? They might be the ruin of my peace for ever.

Never fear, my good friend, replied the colonel. Depend upon it, you are in no danger.

Well ! if you think so, said Philip, I will go to David Williams, and put my wife under a course of serenades directly : It may perhaps please the Lord, that they shall do her neither good nor harm.

So saying, Philip left the room, and Wilson went to superintend his workmen in the hall.

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I here close the third book and first volume of my history, and, availing myself of the licence I have assumed in the two preceding books, I stop progress to look back upon what hitherto has been done : no mighty matter I confess ; yet it has put me to the labour of turning over many a crabbed antiquated author to furnish out materials for these pages ; and to what purpose ? Wiser perhaps I had been to have followed the example of those easy gentlemen, who write without any pains what you read without any profit.

What recommendation would it be of this book, if humbly I should say, it can do no harm ? But if vainly I avowed that it was my object and endeavour to do good, I might indeed speak the truth as to my wishes, but I should pal-

pably disguise my expectations. It will do no good. Reformers are as unpopular as informers ; the medicine, which nobody will take, can do nobody any service. When I witness the avidity, with which men will read a thing called a novel, wherein the characters of their friends are libelled, what folly would it be to suppose they will countenance an attempt to impress them with more kindness for their fellow-creatures than they are disposed to entertain, or will suffer themselves to be persuaded, that their fellow-creatures merit ?

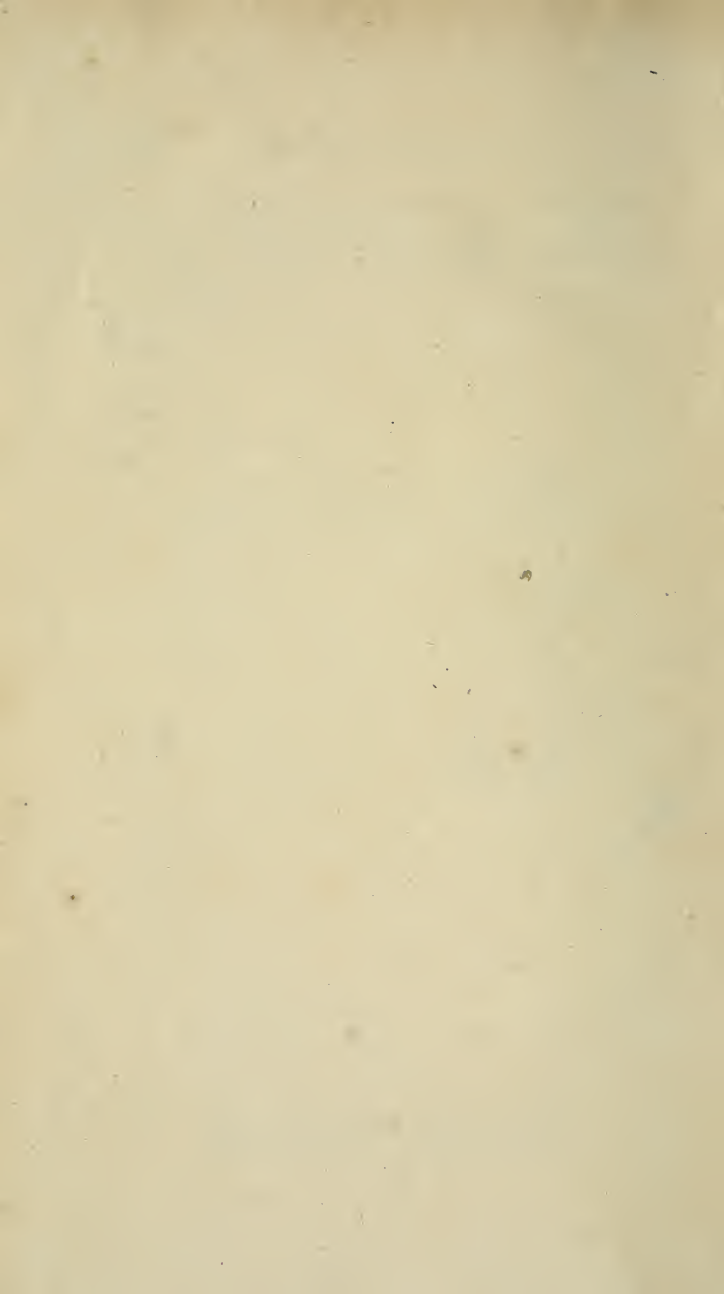
I have been too long acquainted with you, my dear candid readers, to trouble you with any compliments, or solicit you for any favours. I have only to say, that I am doing my utmost to amuse you, and if you shall lay down this vo-

lume with any appetite for the second, I hope you will not find that my exertions flag.

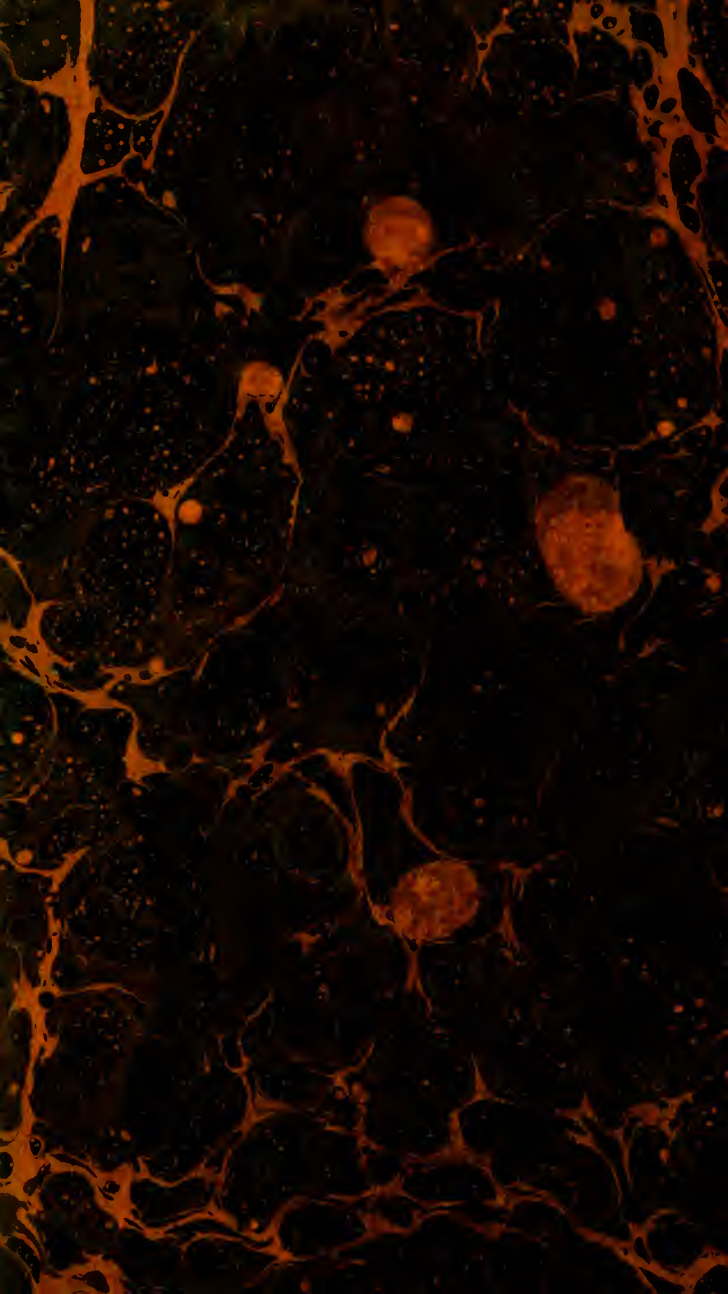
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